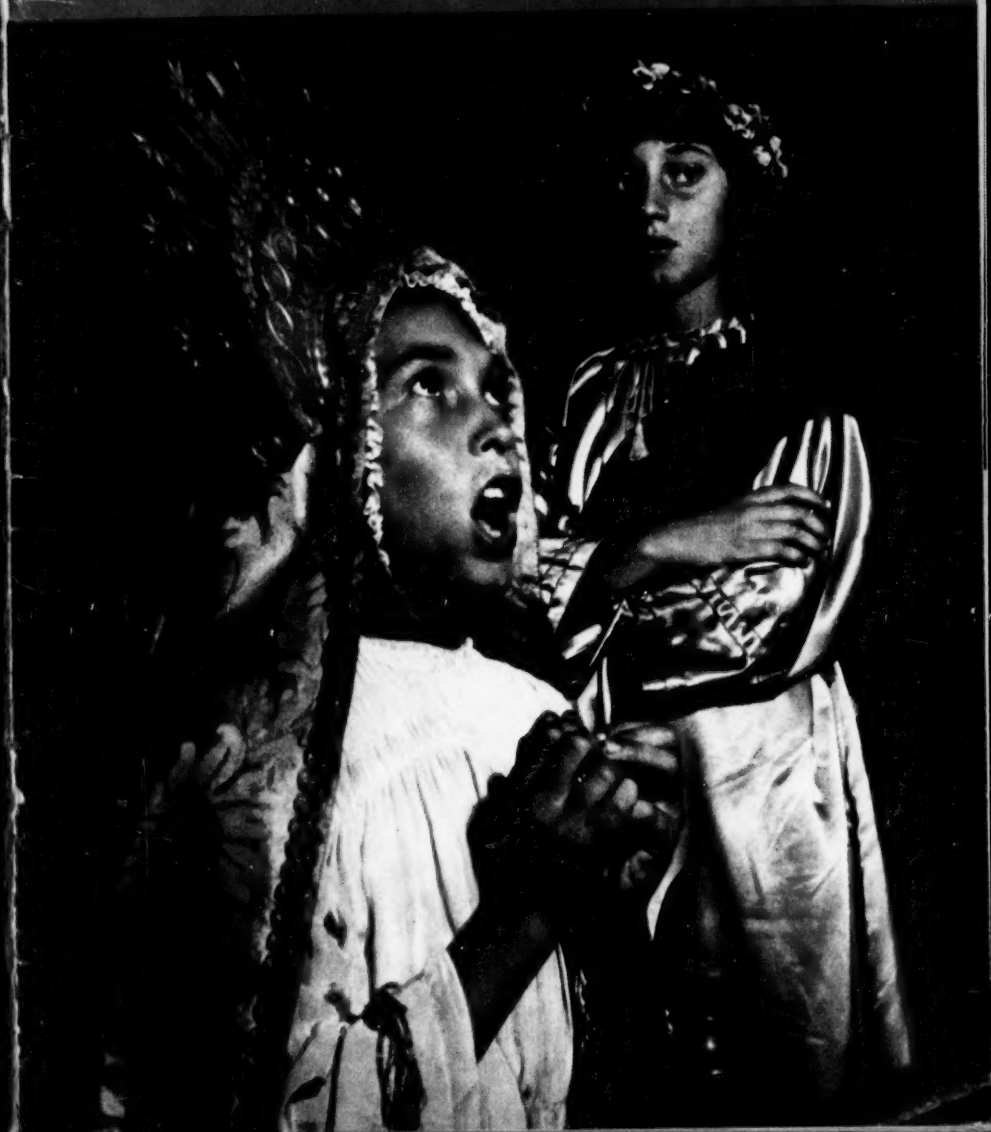


Catholic Digest

AUGUST 1953

35¢



Catholic Digest

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

VOL. 17 CONTENTS—AUGUST

NO. 10

COVER: The Virgin Mary, portrayed by a boy in the mystery play of Elche, sings of her Son's passion. See picture story on pp. 124-128. Black Star photos by Paul Pietzsch.

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FRANCE: Ecclesia-Digeste Catholique, 18-20 rue du Saint-Gothard, Paris XIV.
Familial Digest-Digeste Catholique, 31 rue de Fleurus, Paris VI.

BELGIUM: Katholieke Digest, Ecclesia, and Familial Digest, 40 Boulevard de Doleigne, Louvain.

THE NETHERLANDS: Katholiek Vizio, 4 Dam, Amsterdam.

ITALY: Sintesi dal Catholic Digest, 5 Via S. Antonio, N., Milan.

GERMANY: Katholischer Digest, 39 Herstattstrasse, Aschaffenburg.

JAPAN: Catholic Digest, 20 Honshicho, Shinjuku, Tokyo.

LATIN AMERICA AND SPAIN: Lo Mejor del Catholic Digest, 44 East 53rd Street, New York 22, N. Y.
BRAILLE EDITION: National Braille Press, 88 St. Stephen Street, Boston 15, \$10 a year.

Foreign subscriptions at \$3 a year should be sent to the addresses given, not to the St. Paul office.

"And now, brethren, all that rings true, all that commands reverence, and all that makes for right; all that is pure, all that is lovely, all that is gracious in the telling; virtue and merit, wherever virtue and merit are found—let this be the argument of your thoughts" (St. Paul in his letter to the Philippians, Chapter 4). This is the argument of THE CATHOLIC DIGEST. Its contents, therefore, may come from any source, magazine, book, newspaper, syndicate, of whatever language, of any writer. Unfortunately, this does not mean approval of the "entire source," but only of what is herein published.

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Published monthly. Subscription price, one year: \$3; 2 years: \$5; 3 years: \$7; 5 years: \$10. Same rates for two or more yearly subscriptions, which may include your own.

Entered as second-class matter, November 11th, 1936, at the post office at St. Paul, Minn., under Act of March 3rd, 1879. Copyright 1953 by The Catholic Digest, Inc. Printed in U.S.A.

Tito on Himself

*The Yugoslav dictator has duped the West twice
and Russia once, and he is still dangerous*

By EVELYN WAUGH

Condensed from the *Commonweal**

Evelyn Waugh, eminent English Catholic novelist, was a member of the British Military mission to Yugoslavia during the 2nd World War. Here, he discusses Tito's autobiography.†

PRESIDENT TITO's apologia is not designed to please. It is conceived in a mood of deep self-satisfaction and defiance. Tito has got out of a number of scrapes, he is surrounded by hero worshipers, and he believes he is now sufficiently secure in a position (which few cool observers envy him) to issue a pronouncement to the world.

Tito was brought up in the "bad home" of the typical delinquent. His father drank, brothers and sisters sickened and died, his uncle stole his boots. Later he worked as a locksmith, acquired some skill in general metalwork, and drifted about Europe fomenting ill feeling against his various employers. After an inglorious army career in the 1st World War (he was saved

from court martial only by perjury) he was wounded in the back and taken to Russia as a prisoner of war. He returned home to the newly created kingdom of Yugoslavia, resumed his vocation of agitator, and in 1923 joined the Communist party.

From then until 1941 Tito moved all over Europe with forged papers and under aliases so numerous that on one occasion he found himself unable to remember the name on the particular passport he was carrying. He did time in prison.

The Yugoslav police were vigilant, and by 1938 the Party was almost extinct. Its controlling members lived in Vienna and Moscow.

Tito had two important achievements at this period. He successfully sent 1500 compatriots underground to the International Brigade in Spain. Of these, 300 survived to join him in Yugoslavia in his war effort.

Of the second achievement he is more reticent. The head of the Yugoslav Party at this time was

†Tito, published by Simon & Schuster. \$5.

*May 8, 1953. Copyright 1953 by the Commonweal Publishing Co., Inc., 386 4th Ave., New York City 16, and reprinted with permission.

an *émigré* named Gorkic, who was put over Tito's head, much to his chagrin, by the authorities in Moscow. Tito obediently submitted, although he thought him to be a police informer. In 1937, Gorkic was suddenly arrested in Moscow (and presumably murdered) on the usual charges of treachery. Who denounced him? Tito stepped into his shoes and returned home to purge and reorganize what was left of the Party. He boldly carried out the policy he had advocated: that the head of the Party must stay on the spot. By 1941 he had reestablished a number of cells in various parts of the country.

From April, 1941, when the Germans invaded, until July, 1943, when Mr. Deakin, a most gallant English soldier, dropped in to establish the British military mission, Yugoslav history remains dark. What happened in those two years? We shall never know. Those who could have told us are dead.

Tito had two aims: to cause as much annoyance as possible to the invaders in order to relieve the pressure on Russia; and to exterminate the two sections of his countrymen, Croat separatists and Serbian royalists, who envisaged a different regime from his in the event of victory. Loyalty to Russia was the overriding emotion. The young partisans, as he describes, died with the name of Stalin on their lips.

Mr. Deakin found in existence a resistance movement which could

without absurdity be called an army. This force began its activity in June, 1941, when Russia was attacked. Tito ingenuously asks his readers to believe that the coincidence was fortuitous.

Tito speaks of "offensives," and of "brigades" and "divisions" breaking through. We must rather think of periodic punitive "sweeps" in a terrain well suited to the escape of small bands; of a country brutally plundered and victimized by all sides; of betrayals and reprisals and devastation on an appalling scale. The people who survived this anarchy were in no position to pick and choose among their rulers; anything for a stable rule.

In 1944, UNRRA came with help to Tito's starving people. As in every other country, they stipulated that their own officials should distribute supplies. This would have meant that at the crucial time when Tito was consolidating his power there would be independent observers to see his manner of doing so. It would have meant, too, that relief would go impartially to all in need. Tito had drawn up a scale of precedence which insured that only those he favored would benefit. (I saw a copy of this scale.) Rather than allow UNRRA its essential right, Tito repudiated all relief. Better the people should starve than that his authority should suffer. But his bluff succeeded, and he got the provisions on his own terms.

The best comment in the book is

Himmler's, like calling to like across embattled Europe: "I wish we had a dozen Titos in Germany," he said in September, 1944. "The man had nothing, nothing at all. He was between the Russians, the British and the Americans, and had the nerve actually to fool and humiliate the British and Americans in the most comical way."

Party ideologists are now disputing the question: "Who liberated Yugoslavia?" Russians and partisans claim exclusive honors. There was good reason for Allied ineffectiveness: Tito's consistent hostility. With frankness that must be disconcerting to many, he admits that he would have regarded an Allied landing as a hostile invasion.

The people of Split and Dubrovnik were aghast to see the crew of a British cruiser and a brigade group ostentatiously insulted by gangs of prematurely adult boys and girls armed with British Tommy guns. And all the time Allied propaganda was churning out misinformation about Tito's aims and character.

In 1946 Yugoslavia settled down as part of the Russian system. The central theme of this book is Tito's subsequent dismissal and survival. This is the story Tito has been longing to tell and here the interest of the Western reader is likely to flag. It is no news to us that Stalin was a blackguard and his rule intolerable. For nearly 250 pages we have borne with Tito's

monotonous denunciation of everyone who crossed his path, as a traitor and a spy. Now the nozzle is directed at him; he squirts back. The exchange is less than enthralling.

Tito's simple thesis is that the whole communist world is out of step except himself; that Stalin had "deviated" from the pure doctrine of Marx and Lenin and that Belgrade is the New Rome. But he is not quite up to the very special pleading required to make his case plausible. The truth peeps through everywhere that there is no real difference in philosophy or policy. It is purely a matter of personalities.

In March, 1948, it was not his authority that was at stake but his very existence. It scarcely seemed possible that the West, once duped, would trust him a second time. But Tito did not hesitate for long. His little gang, all save two, stood by him, and incalculably the Western powers began to shower him with subsidies and offers of friendship. His present position is precarious. It would be ironical if we found ourselves involved in a 3rd World War in his defense.

The book ends as it began with what is plainly meant to be an appealing human portrait. We hear of Tito's love of his dog, the warmth and gentleness of his blue eyes, his simple plebeian tastes. We are told he is much in demand as godfather to infants.

There is little in the book (be-

yond the stock, often refuted, accusations against Cardinal Stepinac) about the Church. Tito ascribes his theological vacuum to an early cuffing from a priest whom he had served at the altar.

There is, however, another recorded memory. Tito was a very greedy little boy, and he grudged the small alms which his mother occasionally gave to the friars. It is significant that although portly himself Tito seldom mentions a priest without the epithet *fat*. No doubt, psychologists could explain much of his zest for starving out Religious by his early horror of seeing good food going to a good cause.

Is there any further danger in Titoism? There is, indeed. Everywhere except in the bazaars and jungles of Asia and Africa communists are losing faith in Russia. But there is an evident danger that the true sequence of cause and effect may be neglected. Observers point out that Stalin was merely the old czar writ large; that there is something in Russian character naturally sympathetic to tyranny; that there is nothing wrong with communism, merely that there is something wrong with Russia.

Such a view is acceptable alike to Tory opportunists and to sentimental Marxists. That way lies the promise of further disaster.



Soviet Savvy

CHINA'S "Casey Jones," Li Yung Lu, a locomotive jockey who was raised to the status of "labor hero" by communist China, has been denounced as a faker and kicked out of the Communist party. Li was credited with three Chinese railroad records.

He was caught when he tried for a fourth record by making a run of 62,000 miles without an overhaul, and at a 25% saving in fuel. It turned out, the *Chicago Tribune* reported, that Li's locomotive had been involved in 16 accidents over the total run, that Li and his pals had given it a sneak overhaul costing more than five normal checkups, and that he and the crew had made the fuel-saving record by stealing supplies.

Frank J. Ford in the *Precious Blood Messenger* (Oct. '52).

AN American visitor touring a small Russian satellite country in his own car was invited to watch an imposing military review outside a small village. Presently a tire on one of the small trucks blew out. Quickly a man ran to the village, and as quickly returned with a new tire.

"Observe our great efficiency," a native boasted to the American. "No matter what breaks, we have an immediate replacement."

When the American returned to the village he found four tires missing from his car.

Adrian Anderson.



You and Your Doctor

By MARTIN S. GUMPERT, M.D.

Condensed from the book*

Not long ago, for the first time since I became a doctor, I suddenly became acutely ill. I had attended a medical meeting in a crowded, badly ventilated room. I started to perspire and felt restless.

The subject of the meeting interested me, but I simply could not pay attention. I was conscious only of a dull pain spreading over my abdomen, concentrating on the right side. My appendix had been taken out 24 years before. I decided that something was seriously wrong, and hastily left the meeting.

I summoned a taxi to take me home. The driver was in a jovial mood. He dashed madly through the traffic, causing me the utmost pain whenever he stopped abruptly for a red light. Once home, I threw off my clothes and crawled painfully into bed.

I decided not to try to diagnose my own illness. Instead, I called a heart specialist and a surgeon, both of whom I knew well. The heart specialist soon assured me that this was not a heart attack, as I had suspected. The surgeon quickly dis-

covered that my distress was due to a kidney stone. He was able to correct the trouble without surgery. My frightening illness ended as abruptly as it had begun.

Despite all my pain, the episode was of value to me, for it gave me an intimate glimpse of the doctor-patient relationship from the other side of the fence. I think I can assert in all modesty that I was a "good" patient. Out of that experience I have drawn up **Ten Commandments for Patients**. By following them, a patient can help himself either to get well or to learn to live with his illness.

1. Select your doctor carefully.
2. Don't desert him if you find him satisfactory.
3. Feel free to ask him questions.
4. Follow his prescriptions.
5. Don't cheat him.
6. Don't expect witchcraft from him.
7. See him while you are healthy.
8. Assist him as a partner.
9. Keep your own health file.
10. Respect your doctor's time and work.

1. *Select your doctor carefully.*

*You and Your Doctor. Copyright 1952 by Martin Gumpert. Reprinted with permission of the Bobbs-Merrill Co., New York City. 258 pp. \$3.

Decide, before you are ill, on which doctor to call in case of sudden illness. One must have friends before one needs them. Put your doctor's name, address, and phone number on the cover of your telephone directory. It's also a good idea to carry this information with you. The better your doctor knows you in sickness and in health the better he can help you in an emergency.

I had known for many years the physicians I had called in my own emergency. I had the highest confidence in them. If one of them had not been available, I knew of others whom I trusted equally.

But what would I have done had I been in a strange city with no medical contacts? How could I learn which doctors were competent to treat my case? Physicians are not permitted to promote themselves or to advertise. The best thing to do in a strange city is to ask the advice of the nicest and best-informed person you know. Or you could inquire for the hospital with the best reputation, and ask the advice of one of the staff physicians. At least you should make sure that a strange doctor is licensed and that he is a member of the local medical society. The hotel clerk or the cab driver are not good sources for information in selecting a doctor.

2. *Don't desert your doctor.* Once you have found a suitable doctor, keep him. There is nothing more dangerous to your health than to

shop around for different doctors.

Some patients are simply unwilling to accept the hard facts of disease. When their illness is painful, exhausting, and difficult to treat, it is easy to see why they lose patience, and wish to try their luck with another doctor.

Other patients are just as unwilling to accept good health. They actually prefer being sick, with all the psychological and social privileges that follow. There are as many patients who have a craving for injections, tests, and operations as there are patients who are afraid of them.

An even worse type, from the physician's standpoint, is the patient who just does not care. It is too bad that, especially in large cities, faithfulness to a doctor has gone out of fashion. The technical aspects of medicine have been over-emphasized; the doctor is beginning to appear to many people like a sort of handy man who can repair defective plumbing by the hour. Every patient who has such contempt for the art of healing should realize one thing. Every time he changes doctors, he deprives himself of the precious sum of experience, observation, and interest which the previous doctor invested in him. The new doctor has to start all over again.

Of course, it is entirely different if the patient has serious reason to doubt the ability of his physician. Nobody should be chained to his

doctor. Then the best thing to do is to ask your doctor to consult another doctor. Any intelligent physician will welcome the advice of another physician.

A person in distress is always besieged with advice from friends and relatives who think they know someone who can cure his disease. When the "somebody" is a respectable physician and not, as sometimes, a persuasive quack, the first doctor should be ready for full cooperation. If the proposed treatment is in serious conflict with his judgment and his conscience, he should withdraw from the case.

The same doctor may seem wonderful to one patient and repulsive to another. It is useless to argue about it. If there is real tension that cannot be eliminated by frank discussion, one should not hesitate to face the situation and dismiss a particular doctor.

The average doctor slowly develops an immunity against ingratitude. Gratitude is a highly welcome but unexpected bonus in a doctor's work. If he had to charge gratitude instead of a fee, he would soon be starving. Gratitude is a rare gift which most people lack. He must be content with the satisfaction of work well done.

3. *Ask your doctor questions.* The days of medical dictatorship are gone. When I was in medical school, I was often shocked at the humiliations patients often had to put up with. Nothing is more de-

grading than to be tossed around like a passive object in the hands of physicians.

Many doctors used to have the odd notion that a correct diagnosis was all that was needed to cure a patient. They thought this could be made without the patient's opening his mouth. Now, doctors are obtaining much better results by encouraging the patient to talk.

Doctor and patient, usually coming from entirely different levels of training, must find a platform of mutual understanding. Identical words often have entirely different meanings for each of them.

The patient often assumes that the doctor is fully informed about every detail of his life and his disease. The doctor may presuppose a technical knowledge which the patient cannot possibly have. Neither patient nor physician should assume that the other fellow is stupid merely because he asks seemingly foolish questions.

Symptoms that may seem important to the patient may have no bearing whatever on the case. Details that the patient may think not worth mentioning may be the key to correct diagnosis. The question-and-answer game is the only method of solving this problem of communication.

4. *Follow your doctor's prescriptions.* Strangely enough, many patients will sit long hours in a doctor's office, listen carefully to his advice, even get his prescription

filled—and then forget the whole matter. Then the doctor is baffled because his patient isn't improving as expected.

We doctors often forget that nowadays our patients are frequently getting additional "help" outside the field of legitimate medicine. You have only to open the newspaper or turn on the radio or television to get generous and encouraging health advice. You are guaranteed complete, speedy liberation from all your common troubles, without a doctor.

Most drugs are powerful agents, as dangerous in lay hands as matches in an infant's crib. I think that this nation is dangerously overdrugged, and that more disease is caused than cured by irresponsible self-medication. A doctor in writing a prescription is guided by many considerations. Many drugs quite harmless in small amounts may be fatal in overdosage.

We have to consider whether the patient takes the medicine while at rest or while working. A medicine that causes drowsiness can become fatal if the patient has to drive a car or operate a machine while under its influence.

Many drugs are useful in minute quantities and entirely useless in large quantities. Some drugs, like vitamins, are excellent if they make up actual deficiencies, but they are useless and even harmful if the body already contains enough of this particular substance. Some

drugs have an initial irritating effect, though the later effect is favorable; other drugs act in exactly the opposite way. All these things the doctor must keep in mind. The advertising copywriter is under no such ethical restriction.

5. *Don't cheat your doctor.* To cheat a doctor is like putting a button into the church collection. It is an act of moral self-defeat, which will harm both your soul and body. A doctor's services cannot be measured in dollars and cents. Good advice in one sentence may save your life. The doctor-patient pact is a moral one, and as soon as its morality is undermined the air becomes poisoned. I know of no doctor who would not treat a patient without fee if he needed care and actually could not afford it. But if a doctor works without fee, he is rightfully resentful if he sees the patient spending freely on less essential items than medical care.

6. *Don't expect witchcraft.* Sometimes it happens that a doctor can relieve an unbearable pain, stop a maddening itch, or completely cure some disorder by exactly the right measure at the right moment. At other times he may not. Many a doctor's reputation is built on a series of lucky accidents. The average patient thinks, "All I want to know is the name of my disease and the right medicine to cure it." He is not interested in medical science or in his doctor's psychology. He wants his health back, if not

by magic, then at least as if by magic.

Many diseases require a profound change in the patient's way of life. We doctors can tell him what to do, but he is the one who must act.

7. *See your doctor while you are healthy.* It is a great advantage to a doctor to have known his sick patient while he was normal. The doctor then knows what to expect in emotional reactions and cooperation. He will know his patient's heart condition, whether he is subject to allergies, whether he tends to overemphasize or to understate his complaints. Heart attacks, nervous breakdowns, and stomach ulcers do not occur as suddenly as was once thought. They grow slowly in the soil of a certain type of physical and emotional constitution. Even accidents do not happen by chance alone. There are accident-prone and accident-immune persons.

No one is ever 100% sick or 100% healthy. Our bodies are constantly undergoing destruction and repair. Yet each of us has an innate order that is custom made to our own being. The doctor who can follow your ups and downs in health and disease is your best guide to a healthy life.

8. *Assist the doctor as a partner.* Sudden severe illness can be devastating. Yet it can be boiled down to a technical problem if it is stripped of emotional repercussions.

People involved, employers, spouses, children, can be made to understand that needed money can be procured, absence from work arranged for. Many people stricken with severe disease suffer from shock and stupor and give themselves up to deeper and deeper despair. The doctor can succeed only with patients who do not rave against themselves and God, but who use reason and realistic resistance.

9. *Keep your own health file.* In every ailment from eczema to heart trouble it is important that the doctor have a complete medical history of the illness. Sometimes it is possible to write to hospitals and former physicians. But this entails tardiness and reluctance. So be your own health accountant. Keep the facts and figures of your state of health in at least as good order as your tax liabilities.

10. *Respect your doctor's time and work.* A patient's manners are quite as important as any doctor's "bedside manner." The doctor's willingness to be called at any hour is one of the unexplainable secrets of his profession. To give priority to an emergency is one of the doctor's most sacred duties. Therefore we should not fret if he is short with us when we waste his time.

A patient who is late for appointments or who changes appointments at the last minute is a headache for any doctor. Many persons overestimate the urgency of their

situation; they demand time-consuming house calls when a visit to the office or a short phone call would do. It is always all right to phone the doctor, because this often makes a visit unnecessary, but the conversation should be limited to essentials.

There is a good deal of doctor exploitation going on all the time. People shamelessly ask a doctor's advice at chance meetings; others ask for fake bills in insurance, tax, or compensation cases. And there are always those who want the truth stretched in their favor to support damage actions. Still others demand restricted drugs without medical justification.

It is almost as difficult to be a good patient as to be a good physician. Severe sickness does away with a person's disguises and pretensions and reveals him as he real-

ly is. Bad habits sometimes become more pronounced when illness brings freedom from inhibitions. Yet serious disease often brings out the best in a human being: his suffering and closeness to death remove the empty ambitions and tensions under which his real personality lay buried.

I have often noticed that serious illness has marked the beginning of real life for a patient. He may gain a conscious enjoyment of life and its blessings, a tolerance and sensitivity, a return to a true and creative purpose perhaps forgotten since childhood. It is almost like a miracle to see the heart of a hardened executive melt and mellow under the influence of disease. Death's shadow reminds him that his life on earth will not last forever and that there are things more important than his office desk.

I think we can **AVOID WAR if:**

we pray and act in the light of words spoken 15 years ago by Bishop Fulton Sheen that the mistaken hatred of millions for the Church is directed not against truth, but error. If Catholics believed all the untruths and lies which were spoken against the Church, Bishop Sheen said, we probably would hate her a thousand times

more than her enemies do. Let us then each ask God to apply the fruits of his prayers to some individual enemy of our Church and country. God alone knows the heart of each. Thus, every single enemy living in a darkened world will have one free American praying for his salvation.

Jane Hottinger Rauen.

[For similar contributions of about 100 words, filling out the thought after the words, I think we can avoid war if, \$25 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts will not be returned.—Ed.]

Joe McCarthy Investigates

Committee on Subversive Activities gets the underlying facts

Condensed from the *St. Ann's Church Bulletin**



The following is the transcript of an imaginary hearing before the Senate Committee on Subversive Activities, conducted before Senator Joe McCarthy, Washington, D. C., April 14. Father Quinlivan, O.M.I., is a real priest, pastor of St. Ann's, which is a real parish in Colorado City, Texas.

Senator McCarthy. Your name, age, and profession, please?

Father Quinlivan. My name is Thomas Francis Quinlivan; age 46; profession, clergyman, a priest of the Roman Catholic Church.

Senator McCarthy. We are investigating the inroads of communism in the churches, and have asked you to testify to any invasion, in your knowledge, of communism in the Catholic Church. Do you have any objection to the televising or broadcasting of your replies?

Father Quinlivan. On the contrary, I am proud to testify before this committee.

Senator McCarthy. Thank you. Now, are you now or have you

ever been a member of the Communist party?

Father Quinlivan. Emphatically No to both items. I would rather die than join the Communist party, even as a fellow traveler. The teachings of communism are diametrically opposed to the teachings of my Church, to my own personal beliefs, and to my creed as an American. I have spoken, at times in violent terms, against communism, not only in private, but also publicly in church before my congregations, and over the radio.

Senator McCarthy. What you say applies to you personally only. Are you acquainted with any inroads of communism into your Church?

Father Quinlivan. Communism in the Catholic Church? I think you will find the best answer in the millions of Catholics who have died rather than accept communism, in the thousands of Catholic priests in communist graveyards and prisons behind the Iron Curtain, in the hundreds of Catholic bishops and cardinals, like Stepinac

**St. Ann's parish, Colorado City, Texas. May, 1953. Reprinted with permission.*

and Mindszenty, who have been tortured in Red prison cells and live in bonds right now behind the Iron Curtain.

Our missionaries escaping from China have told to the world the story of Catholic resistance to communism, even to torture and death.

It was the Catholic Church which defeated communism in Italy in the elections not long back. In fact, every communist attack on a free nation begins with a campaign to destroy the Catholic Church in that land, as happened in Poland, Yugoslavia, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, China, etc. The communists even consider the Catholic Church their worst enemy, the strongest force opposing their march to world conquest.

Senator McCarthy. Has communism infiltrated into the parochial schools?

Father Quinlivan. I know of not a single Catholic school, grammar or high, or on the college or university level, into which communism has penetrated. Our textbooks are written especially for us, as American as they are Christian.

I would like to cite what happened last month at Winfield, Ill. Teachers in the 6th grade of the public schools began to suspect their geography textbooks. For instance, concerning Poland, their textbooks read: "Poland was liberated by the Russians in the last year of the war."

This statement was placed be-

side comparable texts in the books used in the Catholic schools of Winfield. Now, the Catholic text (*Neighbors Across the World*) on this same statement read: "The communists gained control of the Poles after World War II and gradually tightened their grip on that unhappy people, trying to destroy their faith as well as their freedom." Text after text was compared with the Catholic version, and as a result, the Winfield school board threw out the Red-slanted book.

In my own school are 85 children of American and Mexican extraction; the teachers are loyal Franciscan Sisters who would no sooner teach communism than atheism. Our classes begin and end with prayer and are inspired in every department with the teachings of Christianity and Americanism. The crucifix and flag adorn each classroom.

Senator McCarthy. Would it be possible that, insidiously, perhaps unknown or unrecognized, communism has made its way into Catholic institutions of higher learning?

Father Quinlivan. A teacher myself for 12 years, I have known teachers in Catholic universities across the land: in Fordham, Villanova, Notre Dame, Loyola in New Orleans and Los Angeles. They are brilliant men, wise to every trick of communism. No communist teaching could get by them, no

matter how insidiously disguised. They would instantly recognize and reject such teaching, as would their pupils.

Senator McCarthy. But I mean—could one of your own men . . .

Father Quinlivan. I read of something like that happening in Italy, though not all the facts were told. I think I can safely say that among 45,000 Catholic priests in the U.S., 10,000 Brothers, and 156,000 Sisters, you will not find a single communist.

Senator McCarthy. You are convinced then that communism has made no inroads whatsoever into the Catholic Church in America?

Father Quinlivan. Completely. I want to say that Americanism in its purest form has no safer home than the Catholic Church, the Catholic school, the Catholic home, the Catholic heart. I am proud to testify as I have done before this committee, and I congratulate you, gentlemen, on your good work on behalf of our beloved country.

Hearts Are Trumps

ONE DAY, driving home from the naval air base where I was stationed, I noticed that the cars ahead were slowing to a crawl, maneuvering to avoid an object sprawled close to the narrow road. Soon the object materialized into a prone Negro farmer. I pulled my car off the road to investigate. Horns blared as several drivers objected to my slowing traffic to help a "sleeping drunk."

But I could see a large scalp wound that the other drivers couldn't see. I gave the Negro first aid and sent for an ambulance.

A few months later, I was flying near the same area through a heavy snow-storm. The air intakes of three of my engines became clogged with snow. The power failed, and suddenly I saw that I was crashing in the woods near the air base.

When I came to, I was hanging by my legs from a jagged sheet of steel. The sharp edges had slashed through to my bones and arteries, but someone was standing beneath me holding me up so that my legs would not be completely torn off by the weight of my body. For a full hour, I was supported like this.

Not until the ambulance came for me and I was cut away from the wreckage did I see that the man who saved my legs was the Negro to whom I had given first aid three months before.

W. F. J. Riordan

[For original accounts, 200 to 300 words long, of true cases where unseeking kindness was rewarded, \$25 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts cannot be acknowledged nor returned.—Ed.]

Iron Man From China

He lost weight but not face in a long battle with the Reds

By MARK TENNIEN, M.M.

TEDDY WHITE, *Life* and *Time* man in China, gave Father Lavin the name of the Iron Man during the last war. He had asked the missionary to guide him over the Kwangtung mountains in a hurry. Father Lavin took his normal Indian pace, and after 40 miles the newsman had to be helped to bed.

The moniker stuck, and Maryknoll missionaries still call Father Lavin the Iron Man. The newsman did not know that every few days his guide took bicycle trips over high mountains to Toishan, 30 miles away, and back. Nor did he know that the priest usually pushed 50 pounds of supplies on the bike tandem with him. Other missionaries knew his endurance: after a 30 or 40-mile hike to visit them, he would sit up all night chatting.

His Christians knew that a fighting spirit

sparked the Iron Man. When they were unjustly brought into the magistrate's court, their pastor was there pounding the table like a bear defending her cubs. They also learned that he was no man to tangle with if they were on the wrong side of virtue.

Today Father Lavin came out of communist China with the iron still in his soul, with fun in his laughter, but with every ounce of fat peeled off. The three hard years seem to have refined the Iron Man to steel, though it left him only 132 pounds of bone and muscle. He tried on his suit made in 1948 for a man of 185 pounds and said, "the communists ought to be billed for alterations." His graying hair told of his 46 years.

We chatted late his first night here, for he can outlast most anyone, even in conversation. I studied the fa-



cile conversationalist while we visited. He chewed on a six-year-old pipe that he cherished like an heirloom. It was in his mouth when I met him on the train coming out of communist China. The bowl had cracked and chipped during the years, but the saucer-shaped base remained. He rolled stringy Chinese tobacco into a ball, like a period in his conversation, and paused to light up anew.

Father Lavin grew up in Framingham, Mass. While in high school he chose the missions as his life work and went to Maryknoll college, near Scranton, Pa. Of course he was a plotter and mischief maker, and the devilry he was always up to is a legend. But on the baseball field he was deadly serious, and became a pitcher of fame in the college and seminary.

In 1932, Father Lavin came to Kwangtung province, South China. The mission where he worked most of his 21 years in China was Hoi Ngan (pronounced Hoy Yeen). Chinese centuries ago found the sea food delightful in this port city of Toishan district, and named it Ocean Banquet.

The language was not difficult for one of Father Lavin's talents. He is a natural mimic, and a good storyteller with a chatty interest in people. People at home in another language are not always at home with the strange foods of another nation. But the Chinese never saw the Iron Man raise his bushy eye-

brows at dishes which make most foreigners shudder.

He knew how to smack his lips and make plenty of noise in courteous compliment to every mysterious dish. Black beetles are as precious a relish to the Toishan folk as caviar is to the Russians. Fellow missionaries on the Toishan train have watched Father Lavin buy a handful of these roasted bugs from the train hawker and chew them up like crispy crackerjacks.

Ocean Banquet people soon found that the man who was not afraid of their mysterious dishes was afraid of no man. The near-by village of Tan On was largely Catholic. Government officials told Father Lavin that some of the villagers were running a gambling joint, and they would have to take stern measures if he could not stop it.

"Leave it to me," he told the official. And with that he wrote a letter telling Tan On citizens to close the joint or he would do it for them.

Here the village bully who was managing the place came into the picture. He got 40 others to sign a letter with him telling Father Lavin that if he interfered they would kill him. The padre answered the gang immediately, stating, "I'll be down tomorrow."

Next day the Iron Man with the familiar curved pipe and an unfamiliar cudgel set out. He held the club like a baseball bat and marched down the narrow street of

Tan On. Merchants closed their shops and barefoot women left the muddy rice paddies to follow.

The gang of toughs had locked themselves in the gambling house. As the cudgel shattered the door they all skipped out the back way. Villagers were rooting for the priest since they feared the bully and his gang. They looked on while the swinging cudgel smashed every gambling instrument. Then he took the pieces outside and burned them in a bonfire. His muscles were loosened up by this time so he went back and wrecked all the furniture.

The bullying leader became a fast friend of Father Lavin. A few years later the communists came, and were looking for people to accuse the priest of crimes. The bully told the Reds that Father was a good man and staunchly refused to accuse the priest of anything wrong.

Lavin, the baseball pitcher, learned a lot in outguessing and outmaneuvering his opponents. In China, two armed bandits stopped his bicycle on the road one day, pretending to be government opium inspectors. From the hill he had just come down he noticed a group of people approaching in the distance. He argued, to win time. Then he agreed that if one would walk down the road about 100 yards with him, he would show everything in the baggage. By that time the group of walkers arrived.

Before witnesses, the bandit was shown that the priest carried only funds for his orphanage and mission work. Father Joe had worked out of a tight spot and was left free to go on. This was a strike out.

Next time the bandits planned it better, and got a home run. A bridge was out in the mountain country between Toishan and Ocean Banquet. Just as the priest had waded to mid-stream with a handbag of money tied to his bicycle, three bandits appeared from the brush and pointed rifles at him. The bag had money for relief work, for the orphanage and mission, and some small amounts that merchants had asked him to bring back. This time the brigands took the money, and then stripped him of watch, glasses, and even his coat with passport and papers.

"The meanest thing they did," recounted Father Lavin, "was to slash the bike tires. I had to walk home stripped of everything but my pants."

During the war, Ocean Banquet was not occupied by the Japanese. At one time they were at a town six miles away. Father Lavin, who was never daunted by danger, kept his bag packed but did not worry. In 1942 a furlough was due him after ten years in China. The Iron Man asserted that he did not need a rest, and persuaded his superiors to leave him there where he was needed. When the war was over he begged to remain longer with his

people, to help with relief. Finally, his superiors, tired of telling him he was due for a rest, ordered him to leave in September, 1947.

Without the long bike rides and mountain hikes, the sleek race-horse frame filled out to 185 pounds in America. This was fortunate, for Father Lavin came back in 1948 ready to face the communists and hungry days. Father Rocco Franco, a fledgling, was sent to assist and learn from the Iron Man.

The communists came in 1949. By gradual steps they built up their own organization and clipped away at church activity for two years. They were ready now to strike.

Father Lavin was tipped off by the local people in advance of every communist move, so he planned to outmaneuver the enemy. The Reds were making long preparations. On Nov. 4, 1951, pompous officials led a noisy crowd to the mission. They were going to close it with a big demonstration against the enemy American missionary.

Much to their consternation, Father Lavin answered their demands. "If Mao Tse-tung and his government want the mission, I am happy to give it."

This caught them off balance and left them gruff and growling, because their show for the public had failed. The missionaries, now isolated to the rectory, got another tip. The local communists were preparing a big accusation meeting

to charge Father Lavin with mistreatment of the orphans. He hurriedly distributed most of the orphans to Christian families. Then he wrote a letter to the magistrate suggesting that the government take over the orphanage. This deprived them of the propaganda effect of public seizure to "liberate the helpless orphans."

The planned accusation had to go through. On Nov. 6, 1951, Fathers Lavin and Franco were led out to a stage where several thousand people had been assembled. The Iron Man stepped to the microphone and addressed his "friends." Twenty years he had been taking in their unwanted castoffs, helping the poor, giving medicine to the sick, teaching the children.

The listeners were swinging his way as he answered the orphan-murder charge so cogently. Their common decency and good sense were called upon, and many started to cheer the priest and ridicule the accusers. Too late, the communists realized they had underestimated the Iron Man. The meeting was abruptly closed and the people ordered home.

From then on the church and orphanage were used as an overflow prison. Forty soldiers were assigned to live at the mission to annoy and wear down the priests. Again their scheme boomeranged. The soldiers became their friends, and often threw out the political interrogators. Howling tortured

prisoners around the place left the priests little peace or privacy. They could bear that, for two imprisoned together could laugh at the farce, laugh at their own misfortune. For five months they said Mass privately, until the Chinese Sister who was caught bringing them hosts was stopped. For the last ten months from May, 1952, they were without the comfort of Mass.

The food grew worse and less. The Iron Man got thinner and thinner, until he looked like dehydrated meat spread over a rugged chassis of bones. Lack of vitamins blurred his vision. In Hongkong he resumed reading Mass with a magnifying glass.

After almost eight months on the skimpy diet, Father Lavin decided to do something. Several times, sand was deliberately put into his food. The last time it happened, last January, the Iron Man heaved it back at the cheating official.

"We are going on a hunger strike for better food; we want no more of your swill," he told the official.

Father Lavin has a sense of publicity, and he had got word around to the soldiers and local people that they were being starved to death. A friendly soldier stole in with cookies hidden under his jacket and offered to buy more each day. The town gossip that the missionaries were on a hunger strike to death got to the magistrate in a few days. He was worried. Orders were not to let the Americans die.

It was a game with Father Lavin. As he shoved most of the cookies to Father Rocco he joked, "McSweeney held out a couple of months before he died, but Gandhi survived several hunger strikes. I'll see if I can break their records."

Six days of hunger strike went by with only smuggled Chinese cookies to eat. Then the magistrate ordered the official to do something. The Iron Man adamantly held out until he was given permission to go out and buy food.

Six weeks of this routine went on, and suddenly, on March 22, 1953, the Iron Man was jailed. Three days later he was called before an official to hear the verdict of the people.

"As a representative of the New Peoples government, I accuse you of murdering thousands of orphans, and tomorrow I will personally escort you to the border as an undesirable alien, and you may never return." Then he added, "Your associate (Father Franco) will be permitted to go without escort because he is not guilty of crimes."

Now out of the never-never land, the Iron Man chews his souvenir pipe, blows out clouds of acrid smoke, and relates every experience with a sprinkling of laughter. From his lips it seems like just another frolicking episode in the adventurous path he walks so merrily. Anyway, he gets lots of fun out of life.

The Atom and the Cross

God is waiting behind every door opened by science

By THOMAS E. MURRAY

Condensed from an address*

Thomas E. Murray is a commissioner of the U.S. Atomic Energy commission, holder of some 200 patents in electricity and mechanical engineering, and a distinguished Catholic layman, a Knight of St. Gregory.

HAD you been with me last fall, at our testing station at Eniwetok in the Pacific, you would have no doubt that mankind now has the means to exterminate the human race.

As a member of the Atomic Energy commission I am well aware of the facts of atomic life. I am well aware of the facts of atomic weapons. I suppose I am one of the so-called experts.

I am surprised that unbelievers among our scientists sometimes seem more concerned for peace than those of us who believe. The difference is not in their excess of good will but in their sharper awareness of what nuclear explosions, in another war, could do to life on this planet. We who believe in God must have accurate knowledge of the facts of atomic life. We cannot retreat into comfortable ignorance. We face the prospect of a

man-made Abomination of Desolation.

The problems are of such cosmic significance that they cannot be safely "left to the experts." The bald truth of the situation is that in this tragic atomic drama there are no experts.

The technical contribution which Catholics are making to nuclear research is painfully small. It does not compare with their contributions to philosophy and the liberal arts. Catholics are sparse in the ranks of our top scientists. Still, the Church has a grand tradition of science and scientists. Can the Church of the 20th century, the atomic century, afford to abandon that tradition?

The complete education of an atomic physicist is costly. Gifts of our wealthier Catholics to Catholic colleges run generally to gymnasiums and dormitories. More gifts are needed for cyclotrons, accelerators, and laboratories. We need more gifts like that of the Charles Hayden foundation toward the cost of Manhattan college's new science building.

*The Opening Doors, delivered at the centennial anniversary of Manhattan college, New York City, April 25, 1953.

Catholic philosophy and faith are compatible with any truly scientific discovery. Our faith is based upon a recognition of the unity of truth. It tells men that man's supernatural destiny is the Beatific Vision, the contemplation of Truth itself. Catholic educators have no fear of unsettling effects upon faith from pioneer scientific thinking.

Far from being unsettling, such thinking should bring us nearer to Him who called Himself the Truth. Pope Pius XII, in his address to the Pontifical Academy of Sciences in November, 1951, said in part, "According to the measure of its progress, true science discovers God in an ever-increasing degree, as though God were waiting behind every door opened by science."

There you have it: "God waiting behind every door opened by science." At stake is no mere crown of intellectual leadership. The time is ripening for a remarriage of religion and science. There are now startling possibilities for a religious break-through into the secular mind of the day. We must find and develop the Catholic brains to participate in the discoveries now being made on the physical front. For these discoveries are shaking the philosophic foundations of materialism.

There seems to be a new, extremely encouraging disposition on the part of some leading non-Catholic scientists. It is to recognize that

the concept of divine creation should no longer be dogmatically excluded from rational speculation about the origin of the universe. Perhaps within our reach lie physical evidences of the existence of a Creator, physical evidences of now undreamed-of persuasiveness. What a far cry this attitude is from the 19th-century anticipation that science would ultimately prove the mechanistic hypothesis. And what a challenge this offers to our Catholic men of science to do their part in opening new doors of scientific discovery!

Of course, nothing will come of this hope in our century if we fail in our efforts to avoid war. As I see it, we have three main approaches to what now should be man's greatest worldly concern: to keep the peace.

One of these approaches is prayer. Without prayer it should seem obvious that we have no chance of doing that which for so many thousands of years man has failed to do: keep the peace.

Another approach is power. Our atomic weapons constitute the power which has finally given pause to the expansionist force of Soviet communism. Our atomic strength is the one shield behind which the free world has gained time. It needed time to recover the strength without which it was falling easy prey to Red subversion. The Bible reminds us that "when a strong man armed keepeth his court, those

things are in peace which he possesseth." This seems but common sense in this most dangerous of centuries.

Finally there is prudence. We all recognize the fact that war may be forced upon us. But atomic war is much too dangerous to be entered into without a complete appreciation of its consequences. Prudence does not thrive in a climate of ignorance. We need continuous light on the risk of war. We can gain such prudence only through knowledge of the facts of atomic life.

A fear of hell has to suffice where love of God is not strong enough to gain us salvation; facing up to

this "most ugly subject short of hell" may well be necessary to obtain prudence for ourselves in the face of chaos.

For all we know it may be the incomprehensible and inscrutable will of God to make the 20th century "closing time" for the human race.

Now, we have the personal obligation to use the normal means to stay alive as long as possible. So also do the nation and the human race have an inescapable obligation to God to avoid an ending of this civilization until God's good time. How can we ignore this threat? How can we Catholics leave it all to the secular scientists?

Flights of Fancy

Streams like satin bookmarks lying
across the land.

Joseph Manton

She moved with a crepe-soled
whisper.

Elizabeth Seifert

Trees hanging raindrops out to
dry.

Harold Elvin

A stiff man—starched with self-
esteem.

Bulwer-Lytton

Effective as a man raking leaves in
a cyclone.

H. L. Mencken

Fear ran a feather over my hair.

Ian R. Hamilton

A plaid-shirt personality.

Brendan Francis

Recreation: getting exhausted on
your own time.

Washington Post

A little blue stair of cloud leading
nowhere.

Cecily Hallack

Waiters looked you over from toe
to tip.

Mary C. Dorsey

The old man was editing his gar-
den.

Christopher Morley

The little dog panted uphill in
second.

E. J. Casey

A whole age of moments crept
sluggishly by.

John Keats

Time, the careless laundryman,
shrinks many of our ideals.

Bess Streeter Aldrich

[Readers are invited to submit similar figures of speech, for which \$2 will be paid on publication. Exact source must be given. We are sorry it is impossible for us to acknowledge or return contributions.—Ed.]

The astronomers are finding mountains on

The Other Side of the Moon

By PATRICK A. MOORE

Condensed from "*A Guide to the Moon*"*

NO ONE has ever seen the other side of the moon. It keeps the same side turned always to the earth. The earth-turned part has been mapped very accurately, and we certainly know it better than we do the interior of Greenland. Altogether, we can see some four-sevenths of the moon's surface. The remaining three-sevenths will remain unknown until a camera-equipped rocket is sent around the moon.

The moon behaves in this infuriating way because of tidal friction. There are other bodies in the solar system that do the same thing. For instance, Mercury always keeps the same face to the sun, so that one hemisphere is permanently baked and the other permanently frozen.

Perhaps the best comment upon the lunar rotation was written 20 years ago

by a housemaid in the service of a well-known poet. Somehow it was handed down to posterity.

O Moon, lovely Moon with the
beautiful face,
Careening throughout the bound-
'ries of space,
Whenever I see you, I think in my
mind—
Shall I ever, oh ever, behold thy
behind?

Unfortunately we cannot "behold her behind," but we can at least guess what it must be like.

Hansen, a famous mathematician, was engaged in investigating the movements of the moon when he found some tiny discrepancies which he could not account for. They led him to suspect that the moon was not uniform in density, but that one hemisphere was a little heavier than the other.



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This would result in the center of gravity being some 33 miles farther from the earth than the center of the moon's globe. His conclusion was that all the atmosphere and water had been drawn round to the far side—which might well be inhabited!

But low lunar gravity would soon allow the atmosphere to leak away. The effect of a displaced center of gravity would not be to draw air and water round to one particular part of the surface. Reluctantly, we must conclude that Hansen's idea is absolutely untenable.

However, there is one way in which we can investigate the hidden side without resorting to rocket cameras. This is by studying bright rays which come from over the outer edge of the moon. There are a large number of ray centers on the visible disk.

About 80 years ago, Dr. N. S. Shaler, an American geologist, began to trace the rays which came from the far side. Where they appeared in diverging pairs, it was possible to plot their tracks backward and fix the positions of the mountains on the other side of the moon that were reflecting them. Shaler plotted six mountains, all well on the hidden hemisphere and invisible from the earth.

Shaler mislaid his notebooks; and when he returned to the problem, years later, he could remember the positions of his ray centers only very roughly.

Nor could he later re-observe the rays, for his eyesight was no longer sufficiently keen. For some time the problem was neglected, but 20 years ago E. F. Emley returned to it, with results very similar to Shaler's.

Emley's observations and those made by Dr. H. P. Wilkins and myself have been used by Wilkins to draw up a lunar map, in which the rays from the far side are plotted and traced back. Eight centers are shown, at various distances behind the visible edge. One must be some 300 miles out of view. There are three more probable mountains, so that nearly a dozen formations on the invisible hemisphere have now been charted with fair certainty.

The rays are all very faint, and therefore difficult to observe. As a fairly large telescopic field is essential to chart them, there is no point in using high magnification; and if a low magnification is used with a large telescope, the glare becomes intolerable. So a small instrument is best for this kind of work. Photography is of no help, as no plate is capable of picking up the faint fugitive rays among the rocks of the moon.

All the evidence we can muster shows us that the hidden side of the moon is much the same as the side we can see. Seas may be lacking, but there must be many mountains and craters, ridges and clefts. More than that we cannot say now.

Latin America Comes to Nashville

Curriculum for our neighbors: mechanics, sight-seeing, basketball, and American living

By LESLIE FROST BALLANTINE

EARLY this year, American newspapers carried a brief story titled "U.S. Captures World Crown." The crown was for winning the women's world basketball championship in Santiago, Chile. The team that won is sponsored by the Nashville Business college, one of the two Nashville colleges owned and directed by H. O. Balls, who is responsible for a unique educational experiment with foreign students.

Six young men were crowded into seats for four on the bus out of Ann Arbor for Detroit; six dark heads bent over a map; six laughter-filled voices chattered in Spanish. All six were delighted to find an easy name like *Ypsilanti* to pronounce. Almost Spanish, except for the Y. What to do with the Y? They settled for *Wipeseelantee*, and laughed.

The girl across the aisle listened closely, silently practicing her first-year Spanish. She couldn't resist showing it off. So when the next pair of sparkling brown eyes glanced her way, she plunged.

"¿De qué país vienen Uds., caballeros?" she asked.

The laughter died. Twelve eyes turned on her. A terrible silence descended. She blushed furiously.

"What did I say wrong?" She retreated hurriedly into her native tongue.

Six youths sprang to their feet, but only one made it into the space beside her.

"Caballos," he said. "Horses. Caballeros, mans. It is caballeros, señorita, por favor." He laughed with the others, then he dashed on. "I come from Colombia, señorita. Bogotá. My name is Felipe Martinez



de Castro. We study in Nashveel in Tennessee. I will be engineer."

In two languages he described Colombia, Bogotá, his father and mother, his six brothers and two sisters. He became incoherently enthusiastic when he talked about the U.S. and how he had come here through the kindness of *Señor* Balls, who had a school in Nashveel, a wonderful school for automobiles and Diesels, and how he would go back to his country to build engines. Indeed, the first pause in Felipe's life story came at Wipseelantee, where everyone got out for *café*, no, *coffee*.

Who is *Señor* Balls? How does it happen that we find Nashville Auto-Diesel college and Nashville Business college students sightseeing in Detroit, studying Diesel engineering in Nashville, and playing basketball in Chile?

The cause of it all is H. O. Balls himself. His two schools had been operating 35 years when he had his idea. Ideas can be dangerous, and they can be costly. But Balls had been greatly disturbed by the advancing threat of communism, and he was willing to take risks and spend money to fight it.

It seemed to Balls that there were two main objectives in our battle against communism. One was to raise the standard of technical know-how in the industrially underdeveloped countries; the other was to make friends for America. Since both aims have been a part of the

U.S. foreign-aid program since the 2nd World War, Mr. Balls first applied to Washington for help and encouragement in his offer of equipment, faculty, and buildings for his plan. But Balls seemed small potatoes in those days when our ECA and Point 4 were getting into high gear, and he received a cold shoulder. He determined to go ahead on his own.

He figured that transportation was fundamental to the industrial development of any nation. His Auto-Diesel college lay at hand as a laboratory. During the war, thousands of soldiers had received special training in his classrooms and machine shops. Why not go farther afield and bring the youth of Latin America to learn our efficient ways of servicing and operating the tractors, trucks, bulldozers, and shovels needed to build their countries' dams, waterways, docks, airfields, highways, power plants, and factories? And as he taught them the mechanics of practical progress, he could instill in them a love of America and an appreciation of our democracy.

In 1951, Balls gave 20 Latin-American boys complete tuition scholarships and free board and room in Nashville homes. To reduce the chances of homesickness he placed two boys with each family. The project was a success. In the summer, 1952, when Balls journeyed to South America, he found 16 members of his first class

engaged in the trades for which he had trained them. Several were even operating their own auto-Diesel repair shops.

But perhaps the most exciting success was the warmth and affection with which he was greeted as he traveled. At one of the airports his plane was hours late. Two of his ex-students stayed at the field till 4 A.M. to be sure that he had transportation and hospitality when he arrived. Everywhere he heard echoes of how his boys had been praising the U.S. In the last two years, close to 100 Latin-American boys have enrolled at the Nashville Auto-Diesel college.

Balls' next move was to offer complete scholarships to Latin-American girls who wished to attend the business college. He realized that trained stenographers and secretaries are more and more in demand in offices doing business between North and South America. This year, three girls are taking advantage of the offer.

Balls' interest in basketball began 25 years ago. His first teams were for girls attending his business college. They are now open to former graduates and outstanding women players who have the skill and strength to face the stiffest competition. The team is a part of Balls' philosophy of meeting the world through friendly competition. It is known from coast to coast, from Canada to Chile. It brings fame to the school. Undoubtedly there will

be fall enrollments from Chile, Peru, and Brazil, as a result of this year's winning of the world crown in Santiago. Girls who wish jobs in inter-American business firms will be Nashville conscious, and will come to the college with or without scholarships.

Mr. Balls has spread his good will in several unique ways. The Auto-Diesel college is probably the only trade school in America which has an expert in the latest methods of language teaching to instruct the foreign students in English. One of Balls' most ardent beliefs is that respect for other people can best be achieved through understanding of their speech. The language barrier should not exclude a student from our schools. A way should be found to teach him English as he goes along.

Using a method of language study developed by our armed services during the war, the Auto-Diesel college teaches the Spanish-speaking boys English while they learn to lubricate a giant tractor, or overhaul a generator. Within a few months the boy who couldn't express his simplest wants in English is able to travel and shop without difficulty. When he leaves he has a fluent command of native American.

For the same reason that Balls thinks learning English is vitally important, he is determined to have his students also enter into American life as it is lived, not as it is

seen in our exported movies. His students live in carefully selected American homes. Nashville was somewhat disturbed at first. Here were suddenly 60 young folk from Latin America to be absorbed. There had been a foreign graduate student now and then at the University. But they had been campus residents, seldom seen by the town.

This new influx was quite another story. None of the 60 had ever been to college. Many of them had not even graduated from high school. And they were to be living with families, were also to become friends of American boys and girls of their own age. But one by one, or rather two by two, homes were found for them. The result has been heartwarming. In every case the foreigners have practically become members of their adopting families. Some are now in demand as speakers before various organizations, explaining their country to ours. A few have bought junk-yard jalopies, repaired them as part of their class work, and run about Nashville with typical American high-school fervor.

Balls realizes that Nashville is only one aspect of America. He arranges for his Latin students to see the country. The class of '53 has been to New York, Washington, Chicago, and Detroit, often by chartered bus, so that short or long

stops can be made to observe villages, factories, farms, national parks, and historic sites. They are encouraged to keep written records; when they return to Nashville they must turn in reports.

The success of the project has been so great that Washington is impressed. The class of '53 has come under a grant from Point 4. Balls now hopes that he will receive further Point 4 and Mutual Security aid. He points out that even though there are thousands of foreign students in America today, most of them are graduate students. Of the 30,000 reported by the Institute of International Education to be studying here, a large proportion do not go into productive work when they return to their native lands. In contrast, nearly every one of this year's 60 students in Nashville has a job lined up in his field of study. These men, and others whom they will in turn be training, will be running bulldozers, tractors, steam shovels, and derricks, and building a modern tomorrow.

These young men see America as it should be seen: from the inside. They appreciate its best and understand its worst. They live the American way of life and learn its speech. They will be the best goodwill ambassadors we could have abroad.



KICK—and you've one less leg to stand on.

Partners (Dec. '52).

Happiness From A to Z

You may have to read the quotes twice to understand them but you will be glad you did

By JAMES L. HAGERTY

Condensed from the *St. Joseph Magazine**

TWENTY YEARS AGO, an American scholar, thinking about the contributions of great scientists and philosophers of the past, had a fantastic dream. What if he could select the problems most important to men, arrange them under as few headings as possible, and then list under each topic the various opinions which had been held on it by the greatest thinkers in the history of the West?

Last September, Mortimer Adler's dream was accomplished. For the first time in history, the sum of human knowledge in the Western World was catalogued and

published in a single set of books. The 54 volumes of *The Great Books of the Western World* include a two-volume index, called the *Syntopicon*, indicating where to read in the great books on topics of special study or personal interest.

It lists 102 great "ideas," and under them 3,000 topics, the material that would enable a person to start thinking immediately on any important problem.

The Bible must be placed beside this set, for the *Syntopicon* cites passages from both Testaments. These *Great Books* themselves contain more than 500 distinct works by 100 authors. The set costs \$249, not a bad price when you consider that the project cost \$2 million.

Perhaps you fear you are too simple, too uneducated or slow, to be interested in such an opportunity. Let us see. Suppose we select a subject from the *Syntopicon*—happiness. This "idea" is divided into topics that explain the different ways in which happiness can be considered.



Freud and Sex

*St. Benedict, Ore. May, 1953. Copyright 1953 by Mt. Angel Abbey, Inc., and reprinted with permission.



Montaigne and Health

You can turn to the references for any of these topics and there find by volume and page a quotation from the poets, scientists, historians or philosophers who have said something significant on the subject. Here are just a few of hundreds.

This is Aristotle on individual and collective happiness. "Each of us has as much happiness as he has of virtue and wisdom, and of virtues and wise action. God is a witness to us of this truth, for He is happy and blessed, not by reason of any external good, but in Himself and by reason of His own nature. Herein lies the difference between good fortune and happiness, for external goods come of themselves, and chance is the author of them, but no one is just or temperate by and through chance."

Hard going? Try reading it again. Aristotle, though a pagan, says that God is happy because of His perfection. We, too, will be happy, not in having external goods, but in acquiring the virtues

which will then perfect our nature.

There's a scholarly new book out that proves Shakespeare almost certainly to have been a Catholic. Here's Hamlet's idea of a happy man, his friend Horatio.

*Thou hast been
As one, in suffering all, that suffers
nothing,
A man that fortune's buffets and
rewards
Hast ta'en with equal thanks; and
blest are those
Whose blood and judgment are so
well commingled,
That they are not a pipe for fortune's
finger
To sound what stop she please. Give
me that man
That is not passion's slave, and I will
wear him
In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of
heart,
As I do thee."*

Shakespeare's happy man is also a virtuous man, in not being dependent on fortune, in not being passion's slave.

Surprisingly, Sigmund Freud, who is popularly thought to be the sponsor of erotic passion, says just about the same thing of passion's slaves. "Man, having found by experience that sexual love afforded him his greatest gratification, so that it became in effect a prototype of all happiness for him, must have been thereby impelled to seek his happiness further along the path of sexual relations, to make eroticism the central point of his life.

"In so doing he becomes, to a very dangerous degree, dependent on a part of the outer world, namely on his chosen love object, and this exposes him to most painful suffering if he is rejected by it or loses it through death or defection. The wise men of all ages have consequently warned us emphatically against this way of life; but in spite of all, it retains its attraction for a great number of people." Freud, too, realized that sex isn't everything, much less happiness itself.

Rather sad, isn't it? And Lucretius, who thought pleasure was happiness, and Marcus Aurelius, a Roman emperor who sought a substitute for pleasure in self-restraint, were both of them quite as sad, in different ways, when it came to considering happiness.

But the French essayist Montaigne offers us only physical well-being. "With Epicurus, I conceive that pleasures are to be avoided, if great pains be the consequence, and

pain to be coveted that will terminate in greater pleasures. Health is a precious thing, and the only one, in truth, meriting that a man should lay out, not only his time, sweat, labor, and goods, but also his life itself to obtain it; forasmuch as, without it, life is wearisome and injurious to us; pleasure, learning, and virtue, without it, wither away and vanish."

Cervantes' Sancho Panza has even more definite ideas of what happiness is. He explained to Don Quixote that if he were a king he wouldn't worry about responsibility. "I shall be as much king of my realm as any other of his; and being so I should do as I liked, and doing as I liked I should please myself, and pleasing myself I should be content, and when one is content he has nothing more to desire, and when one has nothing more to desire there is an end to it." Happiness, that is.

Which is sound enough reasoning, as far as it goes. But the voice of Wisdom, by contrast, utters something else about happiness, something we might take to heart even more than Hamlet took the example of his friend Horatio.

This is from the Old Testament. "All men have one entrance into life, and the like going out. Wherefore I wished, and understanding was given me; and I called upon God, and the spirit of wisdom came upon me; and I preferred her before kingdoms and thrones,



St. Thomas and God

and esteemed riches nothing in comparison to her . . . For in her is the spirit of understanding: holy, one, manifold, subtle, eloquent, active, undefiled, sure, sweet, loving, that which is good, quick . . . for wisdom is more active than all active things, and reaches everywhere by reason of her purity."

And there you have a sampling of happiness. You pay your \$249 and you take your choice; you take choices such as this all your life long, and your children after you.

And if your choices are well made, St. Thomas Aquinas has this to say about the ultimate in happiness. "The only object capable of making men happy is God, and the human mind reaches perfection through union with the divine essence alone."

P. S. Of all the social scientists, philosophers, poets, and historians in *The Great Books of the Western World* only Karl Marx makes no significant mention of human happiness.

"Thirty"

A NEW prisoner had just eaten his first meal in the prison dining hall. He was somewhat puzzled when after lunch another prisoner stood up and loudly called out, "Sixty-two."

The men roared with laughter. The prisoner who was standing laughed himself, and then called out, "Eighty-seven." Everyone laughed again. When he called, "Thirty-four," they were rolling in the aisles.

The new prisoner was puzzled, and he turned to his neighbor for an explanation.

"It's simple," he was told. "We have only one jokebook in the prison library, and we all know it by heart. So all we have to do to tell a joke is stand up and give its number. Saves time and effort."

The new man went to the library the next day, and took out the jokebook. After lunch he decided to try out the better numbers. He stood up and called out, "Forty-one."

Not a sound was heard; the prisoners all stared at him.

He tried again. "Seventy-five," he shouted. Dead silence.

Once more. "Twenty-nine." Nobody cracked a smile.

The new man sat down, dismayed, and turned to his neighbor. "I don't understand it. I picked out the best ones in the book, and nobody laughed at all. What's the trouble?"

"Well, don't worry about it," the old-timer said as he patted him on the shoulder. "You know how it is. Some people can tell a joke and some people can't."

The War Cry quoted in the Stillwater, Minn., *Prison Mirror*.



The Sullivans board the airliner at La Guardia airport. Next stop: Shannon, Ireland.



The Flight of the





TWA official Ed Sullivan says good-bye to his own clan of eight redheads. A ninth was too young to be present at his departure.

Sullivans

Back to Ireland, of course

THE Sullivans, two dozen strong —and every one an Irish-American — recently spent two weeks visiting the homes of their ancestors.

From Dublin to Killarney, round the Kerry Ring and back to Shannon, Irishmen vied in giving them a genuine An Tostal homecoming.

← Prime Minister De Valera laughingly agrees to try on Mike O'Sullivan's hat.

When the Sullivans came to town there was dancing in the streets, music by brass bands, ballads sung by real Irish tenors, welcoming speeches by parish priests, and, naturally, plenty of poteen for the exchanging of toasts.

Crossed flags of Eire and the U. S. fluttered along the streets, and every visit ended with the singing of *The Star-Spangled Banner* and



Girls in traditional costume dance a three-handed reel for the American visitors who . . . in turn, demonstrate an old-fashioned American square dance in the town hall. →

Ireland's national anthem, *The Soldier's Song*. And down in County Cork, which is known as Sullivan territory, Irishmen lit traditional bonfires on hilltops to signal the gathering of the clan.

This pilgrimage to the Auld Sod was the brain child of Ed Sullivan, a Trans-World Airlines executive, who believes that all first, second and third-generation Irish-Americans have a natural yen to visit Ireland. And, what with so many Kellys, McCarthys, Murphys, and Fogartys scattered about the country, why not get them together and take them back to Ireland as a clan?

A Sullivan tour naturally came first. So he discussed the idea with friends. Word got around, and

soon Sullivans from all over the country clamored to sign up. Then they converged on New York from Ohio, California, Pennsylvania, Illinois, Connecticut, Arizona, and Canada.

After sipping hot coffee at the Waldorf, the group left LaGuardia aboard a huge TWA airliner for Shannon, Ireland. You'd think it was Pat O'Brien, Dennis Day, and Margaret O'Brien arriving, the way crowds milled around outside Dublin's Gresham hotel and cheered the traveling Sullivans. The hotel manager, whose name happened to be Toddy O'Sullivan, turned over the Gresham to them.

Eamon De Valera, prime minister of Ireland, broke his rule about tourists, greeted them per-



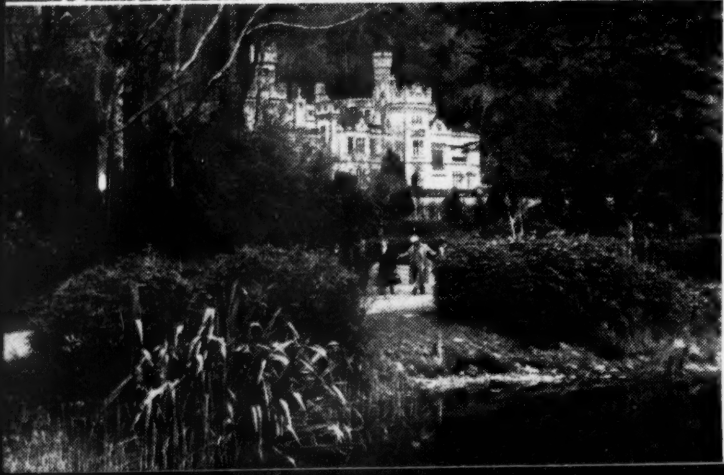
sonally, and said he hoped they would be the first of many such groups to come to Ireland.

If these American exiles were unaware of the glorious history of the Sullivan clan, they were thoroughly indoctrinated by the history-conscious Irish. Their tour retraced the heroic retreat of the great Donal O'Sullivan Beare from Casteltowne Beare to Carrick-on-Shannon in the winter of 1602. This dauntless chieftain was the last Irishman in Munster to hold out for Catholic Philip of Spain

against the forces of Carew, lord deputy of England.

The name O'Sullivan means "One Eye" in Gaelic. Legend has it that the original O'Sullivan was an exceedingly generous man who asked a blind beggar what it was he most wished to have in all the world. When the beggar replied that he wanted most to see, O'Sullivan took out one eye and gave it to him.

The American Sullivans can attest that the Irish Sullivans are still a warmly generous clan.



← Happy visitors ride to a village square aboard a straw-filled, horse-drawn cart.

← A grade-school band assembles to serenade the friendly Irish-American tourists.

← Kylemore Abbey, where the Sullivans admire medieval vestments and chalices.

Sisters of the Convent of Mercy meet their first American cowboy. Note the resemblance between 'Sister Cecilia O'Sullivan and Mike O'Sullivan of Phoenix. →

Murty O'Shea, local historian (at plaque below), gives an impassioned account of O'Sullivan glories. He stands next to the ruins of Dunboy castle, once the clan's fortress, overlooking scenic Bantree Bay.

Photos by Charles Fennell, Dublin



Danny Thomas in London

*The long-nosed Syrian was a sensation
in more than one way*

By JOHN WALSH



IT MUST be five or six years since I cut out of an American Catholic newspaper the little story about Danny Thomas. It told how a novena to St. Jude had started him on the road to success. It said that ever since, he had had a particular devotion to the saint of hopeless cases, and that the little statue always decorated his dressing room wherever he went.

I had never heard of Danny Thomas, and hardly expected to again. But I filed the story away under the T's anyway. Some years later, when the talk in London show circles was of an unknown American comedian coming to play at the Palladium, I remembered. I checked to make sure it was the "St. Jude" man, and it was.

I doubt that an unknown has ever played "top-of-the-bill" at the Palladium, a place that we in Britain consider to be the No. 1 variety house. Danny did, although 99.9% of the British public had never heard of him. More than that, he made his stage debut there, and that had certainly never happened before. It's like a singer start-

ing his career at the Met. Up till then strictly a cabaret and radio comedian, he had never before been on a theater stage.

But that's Danny. I can't imagine the calm young man being awestricken at anything. He did tell me that he was nervous, but he certainly didn't look it. On top of it all, he was following a season of Danny Kaye, who had previously won his way to the heart of London. They had, in fact, only just finished clearing the crowds of fanatical Kaye worshipers from the stage door. Among the critics there was much wagging of heads about this "Danny Boy." Val Parnell's gamble, they called him. Parnell is boss of the Palladium.

The gamble came off, though as it turned out it wasn't really a gamble at all. Danny had something new to offer, something which audiences, when they stopped laughing, realized was just about as new as the hills. He just told people the simple truth about things. It sounded so funny, they laughed their heads off. Ralph Land, writing about Danny Thom-

as in the October, 1952, CATHOLIC DIGEST, put it perfectly: "He preaches while he acts, but you would never suspect how."

When Danny first landed in England in 1950, the show-business writers gathered to meet the boat and find out what this unknown had to offer. One reporter asked him what he thought of the British people, a stupid question, seeing that the man hadn't been in the country two minutes. "Well, they're just people, aren't they?" was the quiet reply. The gossip writers looked round for the customary retinue, dressers, writers, hairdresser, manager, and public-relations man. But this Danny boy was all alone. He was different.

Danny had no friends in London. After seeing him, I sensed that he really was lonely in a strange land. Overcoming my own diffidence, I asked if I could be of any help while he was here. Would he like an audience with Cardinal Griffin? He said that he'd like that very much.

So one night I called for him between shows at the Palladium and we set off to see the cardinal.

I remember that we had a brief argument about who was to pay the taxi fare. Danny ended it with "I earn a bit more than you." *Audience* seems much too grand a word to describe that happy chat at Catholic Westminster. Cardinal Griffin is very friendly. He loves a joke, and he got plenty that evening. But most of all, I think, he was impressed by the comedian's strong love of his faith, and his knowledge of it, too.

Danny spoke of his early poverty and hardships, his meetings with Cardinal Spellman, and his great personal friendship with Cardinal Stritch (wasn't he his altar boy?). The "sad-faced Syrian" is very American. He even got so carried away as to plug for an American Pope. The cardinal richly enjoyed that.

He stayed an hour at Archbishop's House before dashing back to the Palladium. There, at the end of his fortnight, they wished him to stay on. But no, he couldn't, he had to "get back to California for my daughter's First Holy Communion." The secular reporters are still scratching their heads.

Protein Prescription

THE DOCTOR outlined the usual diet, dry toast for breakfast, a plain salad for lunch, one lean chop for supper. The lady listened attentively. If the doctor said this was what would make her thin, this was what she wanted.

"Just one more question, doctor," she said, as she rose to leave. "This diet you prescribe—do I take it before or after meals?"

Leaves from the Garden of St. Bernard (March-April '53).

No Lost Hope for Michael

*The invalid boy has his place in the scheme of things
—just ask his family*

By MARY ELLEN KELLY

Condensed from *Queen of All Hearts**

MRS. RUDELL LANAHAN's third child, Michael, would be a spastic. When he was born in Louisville, Ky., on Jan. 2, 1941, the oxygen supply to his brain had been shut off briefly. Michael was a brain-injured child.

"At that time," Mrs. Lanahan says, "I did not know the havoc that asphyxiation can play with brain cells. But I was soon to learn."

Michael couldn't eat. Every muscle was taut and his head was drawn back. He cried constantly, pitifully. On the ninth day he developed pneumonia. Two pediatricians were summoned; each shook his head in a gesture of futility.

At the age of three weeks Michael entered the Children's hospital in Louisville. Here his mother came daily to learn how to tube-feed him. He received all his food this way for the first six months of his life. Then a chiropractor relaxed the muscles enough for the child to nurse from a bottle.

Still another pediatrician was consulted. After a week's tests, he

gave his verdict. "Keep him comfortable," the man declared, "but I advise you not to spend one cent on him that you would otherwise spend on your two normal children."

That night Katharine Lanahan knew no sleep.

Clinics, hospitals, tests, treatments, false hope, discouragement, bills. "Now I know that nearly all parents of birth-injured children go through this period," Katharine Lanahan said. But she did something about it.

A medical man referred to Michael's case as spastic paralysis. Mrs. Lanahan started reading about the disease. She discovered that very little had been done in the field of spastic rehabilitation. She wrote to a number of state boards of health to try to find out what work was in progress. The replies plunged the novice researcher into discouragement.

Determinedly, Katharine bundled up her son, and went to Baltimore to see Dr. Winthrop M. Phelps, who had frequently been

*May-June 1953. Copyright 1953 by the Montfort Fathers, Bay Shore, N. Y., and reprinted with permission.

recommended. Under his direction, Michael was fitted with leg braces and a relaxation chair.

Then Mrs. Lanahan went to Washington to lobby for federal aid for the cause she was championing. She haunted the Children's bureau and became a familiar figure at the offices of the senator from Kentucky, Alben W. Barkley. The results? A grant for the establishment of schools for crippled children, not only for Kentucky but for other states as well.

One day Mrs. Lanahan received in the mail a brochure from the Confraternity of Pilgrims, Chicago, describing the "Special Special" for July of 1946, a pilgrimage of invalids to shrines in Canada. She decided to take Michael on the pilgrimage.

The invalids were transported by ambulance from the station in Montreal to the massive Oratory of St. Joseph. There, in the crypt church, volunteer firemen and cab drivers placed wheel chairs and stretchers along the aisles. Michael lay on a tiny stretcher, his blue eyes bright and alert, his thin arms and legs tracing the ceaseless, unsteady motions of the spastic.

At the conclusion of Benediction, the late Archbishop Francis Beckman of Dubuque descended the altar steps and proceeded down the aisle to bless each invalid pilgrim with the Blessed Sacrament. As he did so they answered the responses: "Lord, that I may talk! Lord, that

I may walk! Lord, that I may see!"

The miracle the Lanahans prayed for was not granted, but following the pilgrimage several things happened that changed their way of life.

In October, 1946, a unit of the Confraternity of Ste. Anne de Beupré was organized in Louisville. Mrs. Rudell Lanahan was its first president.

The unit was a success. Invalids who had been confined to their homes for years began to attend church functions, meetings and parties by means of stretchers and ambulances provided by the Ste. Anne unit. Tours were conducted to near-by shrines and monasteries, and annually a number of invalids were enabled to make the Canadian pilgrimage.

Mrs. Lanahan told me, "My association with invalids during my work with our local unit gave me an insight into the blessings that were to be derived from having little Michael as my very own. Mine was not a problem, as I had so frequently referred to it before; it was a signal privilege."

The newly established outpatient clinic for cerebral-palsied children at Kosair hospital was making great strides, but no speech therapist was available. To her amazement, Mrs. Lanahan received a request from the Kentucky Crippled Children commission to consider returning to college for graduate work in this field. Both

her teaching background and work with Michael would be assets, the commissioners said.

Mr. Lanahan, equally interested in helping disabled children, urged his wife to accept. She did. Local Lion's clubs gave her a scholarship to Western Reserve university in Cleveland.

It had been arranged that Michael would attend a boarding school for cerebral-palsied children. But two institutions diplomatically advised Mrs. Lanahan that Michael would not benefit from therapy.

So Katharine brought her son to Western Reserve for speech evaluation. After two sessions the decision came that nothing could be done for him. Later, this group informed Mrs. Lanahan that they expected her to give up her idea of helping others.

Included in her courses were lip reading, phonetics, and articulation problems of the deaf, and work with people whose voice box had been destroyed by cancer of the larynx. These persons belonged to a group called the Lost Chord club. Together, they learned how to speak by swallowing air and expelling it in syllables.

With her hard-earned Master's degree, Mrs. Lanahan returned with her family to Louisville and began her work as a therapist. She then learned that her son had again been rejected for therapy, this time by the very group employing her. Outwardly she accepted the ver-

dict; in her heart she did not. For Michael, who could not speak a word, had learned to read. By pointing to answers, he indicated that he knew the meaning of a printed page. Aware of other local children also considered too handicapped, she started making inquiries.

To Msgr. Felix Pitt, superintendent of the Catholic School board, Katharine Lanahan made her first appeal regarding the opening of a nonsectarian class for severely handicapped cerebral-palsied children. Monsignor Pitt shared her enthusiasm, as did others; after several months the class opened.

Taught the first year by a lay teacher, the class responded splendidly. The second year, the Sisters of Mercy took over, and even previous results were exceeded.

Michael gained a wonderful friend, Sister Mary Benedict, R.S.M. Mrs. Lanahan wrote me, "She could see through her saintly eyes things about Michael which no therapist could see. She added her power of prayer to her wonderful hopeful attitude and insight, and gave these children a sense of belonging which they heretofore had not experienced. Her philosophy is that first and foremost these are children, that only of secondary interest is their handicap. She instilled in them a feeling of self-reliance and security."

In 1950 Sister Mary Benedict began to prepare Michael for his

First Communion. At length, Father Vance was called for the all-important quiz. With great gentleness, the priest began. Michael, relaxed and happy, readily manifested his knowledge of the answers. To the anxious teacher, the priest gave a sign. Michael had passed the test.

"Michael made his First Communion on Monday, the day after the regular class received," Mrs. Lanahan wrote. "It was a beautiful, bright morning. He was dressed in white slacks, a white sport shirt, and white shoes. I carried him to the Communion railing with the most sincere prayer of thanksgiving ever said in my heart. Because of his difficulty in swallowing, he received half a Host. All went so well! That evening Michael received the sacrament of Confirmation, another wonderful milestone in his most interesting life."

Years of expense, worry, work, therapy and prayers, and Michael Lanahan still is completely disabled physically. But because of his parents' love, faith, determination, unshakable belief in the dignity of human life, and their desire to aid others, this 12-year-old is a happy, well-adjusted, and beloved member of society's basic organism, the family.

How has Michael influenced the

other Lanahans? His mother answers, "Our lives have been enriched by Michael. We have had to adjust to his limitations but, as a result, our two other children have a broader outlook on life."

I asked Katharine Lanahan if she had a message for parents in similar circumstances. This is what she said. "In my clinical work I have noticed that parents show their rejection of their handicapped children in many different ways. Overprotection, not letting them do all that is possible for them to do for themselves, not giving them half a chance to be normal—these are the most common types of rejection.

"Crippled-children clinics have been a wonderful help to parents. There they see that they are not the only ones with problems, and leave feeling that they would not exchange their cross with anyone else at the clinic. Great strides in medical practice and therapy methods are bringing handicapped children out of the darkness into the light. But most of all, fervent prayer, implicit faith in God, and a hopeful outlook will guide the parents of exceptional children and sustain them in their efforts and disappointments. For as it is they to whom God has entrusted the care of His little disabled ones, theirs is a noble charge."

Profit from our past mistakes is not taxable.

Pulpit Digest.

The Facts About Chiang Kai-Shek

What happened to the \$2 billion the U.S. gave him?

By HARRY W. FLANNERY

WHEN I went to China in the summer of 1945, a short time before V-J day, most of the correspondents from the U.S. lived in an American press hostel in Chungking, the war-time capital. They lived in comfortable, clean quarters, and ate good food. They were in an oasis in a dirty, crowded, miserable, mountain city.

Most of them were young Americans, fresh from the most prosperous, free, and advanced country in the world, and every time they ventured from their pleasant hostel, they were shocked. They had not seen the poverty of small towns and villages in the Balkans. They had not heard the screaming fly-covered infants in mud huts along the Nile. They had not stepped over dead and sleeping bodies in the

streets in Calcutta. They did not know the age-old squalor that exists all over Asia.

What was more, they did not know Chinese history. They were not able to compare the China they saw with that before Chiang. They did not know how to compare China with other lands of the Far

East. They were able to compare only a war-battered China with a U.S. that has escaped blasting bombers and marauding troops. They were horrified, and they blamed Chiang, most of them. Some of them went on from there, and built up the communists as the hope of China. They were taken on guided tours to Yenan, shown model villages, and without knowing Chinese, they were filled with fantastic distortions of the



history and background of China.

They put their impressions into newspaper and magazine articles and into books, and the American people, who didn't know the facts, believed them. To make the story more acceptable in the U.S., these correspondents did not use the ugly word *communist* at first; they spoke of "agrarian reformers." When the truth began to seep through, they archly referred to the "so-called communists." Finally, when Chiang was thoroughly discredited in the American mind, they referred to the Chinese Reds plainly as Reds.

Now, on a television program, Representative John McCormack, minority leader in the House, repeats the old charge that Chiang Kai-shek had received \$2 billion of U.S. aid after V-J day, and yet was unable to stand against the communists.

"The communists took over most of these military supplies for themselves," said McCormack. Representative Dewey Short, one of the loudest exponents of action to rout the communists from Asia, let this pass unchallenged.

Even my most conservative friends join in the anvil chorus against Chiang. "Chiang's clique wasn't interested in democracy nor even in fighting the Japanese. They left that to the communists," commented a friend.

Persons in Washington and elsewhere are considering giving the generalissimo the means and op-

portunity of freeing China from communism. In evaluating this proposal, the number and strength of Chiang's troops on Formosa, off the coast of China, are important. So are the potentials of guerrillas on the mainland; the extent of anti-communism that has developed among the Chinese people since the Reds took over; and the ships, planes, munitions and training necessary to make the operation successful. But important, too, is the man, Chiang himself. Did he waste billions in U.S. military supplies? Did he let us down? Did he fail to promote democracy in China? Did he leave the fighting of Japan to the communists?

I can understand why the man next door believes the answer to each of these questions is Yes, but so many persons in positions of authority should not still remain blind to the truth.

They should realize by now what a fantastic bill of goods was sold to the American people.

The \$2-billion story started when Secretary of State Dean Acheson wrote Senator Tom Connolly on March 15, 1949, that U.S. aid to China since V-J day was more than \$2 billion. Acheson said America gave that much to China in military and economic aid to fight communism. This statement was repeated in that magnificent whitewash of the State Department for all blame in the China tragedy, *The White Book*.

Two billion did go to Nationalist China, but only a small portion was military aid against the communists, and most of that was too late. The facts are given in *The White Book*, but apparently almost no one has read the itemization. In the \$2 billion was the cost of repatriating the million or more Japanese soldiers in China, transporting the Chinese Nationalist forces to accept the surrender of the Japanese, UNRRA contributions, the ECA program, foreign relief, and nonmilitary war stocks. When all these and other obviously nonmilitary aid items are excluded, the actual post-war military aid to China is revealed at \$360 million.

In evaluating this \$360 million, it must be realized that at the time when the aid was most needed, China wasn't getting it. Large quantities of munitions and equipment intended for China were even destroyed, or thrown into the sea. Smaller caliber ammunition was blown up, and 120,000 tons of large caliber were dumped into the Indian ocean. This occurred just after V-J day. Less than a year later, in July, 1946, Gen. George Marshall clamped an embargo on the sale of arms and ammunitions to China. This was done because Chiang had too much sense to accede to our demands that he admit the communists into the Nationalist government.

Aid for China was not voted until the China Aid act of April, 1948, and delivery under this act

was delayed till a full 13 months later, by which time the communists had taken over most of China. What was more, the Chinese Nationalists were charged prices many times those charged any other nation, including Greece, which also was fighting communism. It is estimated that the result was that China got no more than an eighth as much as expected. Rifles sold at \$5.10 to more than 30 other nations were charged at \$51 each to China. Rifle ammunition that cost other nations \$4.55 per 1,000 rounds cost the Chinese \$85, and machine-gun ammunition, otherwise sold at \$4.58, cost China \$95.

Thus, we were failing Chiang's anti-communist forces during a period when we were later to claim that we were aiding him with \$2 billion in supplies. For this reason, his troops were thrown back on their own inadequate arsenals. They were naturally too weak to withstand the communists, who had the vast quantities of Japanese munitions handed over to them by the Russians, plus the output of the Manchurian arsenals. Some of Chiang's generals did go over to the communists, and some Nationalist weapons were doubtless lost to the Reds, but it should be clear that these two latter factors were by no means decisive.

The fact was not that Chiang let us down.

We let him down.

We opened the door for the com-

munists. That was the new meaning given to the Open Door in China.

Another fact we should not forget is that Chiang has been a real ally. As Gen. Albert C. Wedemeyer said, Chiang contained "in China 1½ million Japanese soldiers who might have made our task more costly in lives and time in the Pacific." Chiang refused to make peace with Japan even though he was given many tempting offers. And, as is little known, he refused a Russian offer to collaborate against the U. S. in November, 1945.

A third fact is that Chiang had done well in promoting democracy in China before the Japanese attack in July, 1937. All authoritative historians agree that Japan attacked at that time to halt China's rise as a progressive and democratic nation, which would probably not only rival, but surpass Japan as the leading Far East nation commercially, diplomatically, and culturally.

In estimating Chiang's task, it is necessary to realize that until he attempted to put Sun Yat Sen's principles into effect, no part of Asia ever had a democracy. Chiang was pioneering in an area where the obstacles could be overcome only after long, persistent effort. For one thing, even though literacy is a primary requisite for intelligent and successful democracy, the most optimistic estimates were that only 20% of the Chinese were literate.

The people spoke a different dialect in every valley, simply because they were isolated from the people in the adjoining valleys by mountains that were easily passable only by planes the Chinese didn't have. Railroad transportation was confined to single-track roads north and south, and a few lines east and west. Further division resulted from China's being divided into 28 provinces, each of which was not only a separate government unit, but had its own army.

To bring democracy to China, Chiang had to educate the people, improve the roads, build railroads, and unite the provinces. By 1937, China had been largely politically united. Most of the semiprivate armies had been consolidated, motor roads had been built, railroad lines had been repaired, re-equipped and extended; a few airlines had been developed; radio, telephone, and telegraph service was improved; irrigation had been developed; reforestation and agricultural reclamation undertaken; thousands of new schools had been opened, and a number of colleges. Jimmy Yen, a Yale graduate, had carried on his system of teaching basic Chinese to village youth, whose job was to teach others within the village. An expansion program for heavy industry was formulated in 1936, and the draft of a permanent constitution was published in May, 1936.

All reports of the period agreed

that Chiang Kai-shek had done a remarkable job up to 1937, when the Japanese invaded northern, central, and southern China. In some regions the Japanese moved in so fast that the Chinese had time to destroy only a few of the new plants.

In other sectors, farther from the fighting zones, essential machinery was moved to interior provinces. Industrial plants, laboratories, looms and spindles were carried on the backs of millions of Chinese into free China. In all, 452 factories, including more than 120,000 tons of machines and factory materials and more than 100,000 skilled workers moved westward. However, even though factories were able to resume operation in interior China, most of them had to be converted to production of essential wartime goods. Previous peacetime goals had to be abandoned.

The Chinese were deprived of their ports, their railroads had been cut or occupied, their eastern highways were controlled by the enemy, their armies were underfed and ill-armed. Inflation resulted, as in every war-torn country, and it was particularly bad in China. Up until late 1941, when the Japanese attacked the U.S., China stood alone against Nippon, and until about the time that Gen. Joseph Stilwell was recalled on Oct. 20, 1944, Chiang was universally praised.

"China has been kept in the war as a united nation by the leadership

of Chiang Kai-shek," wrote Teddy White in *Life* in 1944. (This is the same Theodore White who became so critical of Chiang in *Thunder Out of China*, which he wrote with Annalee Jacoby in 1946.) "This leadership has been unswervingly, unflinchingly, and heroically anti-Japanese," White continued in his *Life* piece. "It is Chiang Kai-shek who, at the darkest moments of China's loneliness, has held his government and his people to their destined task."

I quote Teddy White's statement as typical of all the others that were written from 1937 until the Stilwell recall in the fall of 1944. After that incident, in remarkable concert, the floodgates of abuse were opened on Chiang. The man who had been so fulsomely praised was suddenly roundly vituperated.

The first blasts came as a shock to the American people, but as the barrage continued with increasing and spreading intensity, the few who still had a good word to say for Chiang were drowned out. Even the conservative newspapers and magazines carried anti-Chiang stories. Most of the writers, editors, lecturers, and publishers who took part in the campaign against the generalissimo were not communists. The Reds involved were few, but they did one of the most amazing propaganda jobs the world has ever known.

One reason was Stilwell himself, certainly not a communist, but

nevertheless one of the most violent in repudiating Chiang. Since he was a great war hero, the American people accepted him as an authority on Chinese politics. Another reason was Chiang's failure to accept our naïve policy of admitting the Chinese communists into his government.

The job done by the communists among the correspondents and the "innocents" was so thorough that almost no one could get an article or a book published that said a good word about Chiang. When I had returned from my trip in 1945, after having seen and talked with Chiang on a number of occasions, and ridden with him in his private train to a Yellow-river front, I was frankly told by most publishers that they wanted nothing that reflected credit on the generalissimo. I sold an article to *America*, the Catholic weekly of opinion; did a series for the National Catholic Welfare Conference news service, and told the facts as I saw them in my commentary program over the Pacific-coast network of the Columbia Broadcasting system, but I was met with protests from hundreds who called me an audacious fool for daring to disagree with such recognized authorities as Edgar Snow, Owen Lattimore, Harrison Forman, White, Jacoby, Nat Peffer, John K. Fairbank, Richard Lauterback, Israel Epstein, and Anna Louise Strong.

George Moorad, a friend of mine,

spent long years in China and other years in Moscow, where he learned about communism at first hand. He tried in vain to get a publisher for his book on China until after Chiang had been routed by the Reds, and George himself killed in a plane crash in India in 1949.

George Creel had the same difficulties, and even when his book was published, Creel wrote me that the publishers would not permit him to mention any of the correspondents who were communist apologists. Members of the team that had always blasted Chiang reviewed the books written by people like Creel, Moorad, and Freda Uley. Since their reviews appeared in the *New York Times*, the *New York Herald-Tribune*, and the *Saturday Review of Literature*, accepted by booksellers as the last word, their books had almost no sale. At the same time, the anti-Chiang writers reviewed each other's books favorably, and they were the best sellers.

The flood against Chiang was overwhelming. It turned the U.S. against the one man in China who had been making a successful stand against communism since 1926. It opened the door to the delivery of 460 million Chinese to communism. It was so effective a deluge that most of the people in this country still parrot the same old charges against the man in whom General Wedemeyer found "unselfish devotion to the Chinese people."

If we would have forgiveness of Christ, we must love Him with a

Love Like Mary Magdalene's

By R. L. BRUCKBERGER

Condensed from "Mary Magdalene"*

Six days before the Paschal feast, Jesus went to Bethany. Bethany was the home of Lazarus, the dead man whom Jesus raised to life. And a feast was made for Him there, at which Martha was waiting at table, while Lazarus was one of His fellow guests. And now Mary brought in a pound of pure spikenard ointment, which was very precious, and poured it over Jesus' feet, wiping His feet with her hair; the whole house was scented with the ointment.—St. John 12:1-6.

AND SO a Pharisee named Simon invited Christ to a meal in his home. Christ accepted this invitation, and took His place at table, half reclining upon a bed or a piece of matting. Even today in the East, those who take a meal together sit or recline on rugs or cushions. Politeness requires the removal of one's shoes before he takes his place. That is easy enough, since everyone wears sandals.

Thus those who were to break bread together were barefooted. Perhaps there was no table, the

platter being placed in their midst and each one helping himself with his fingers. Nor need we believe ourselves better mannered than those folks because we have plates and a fork. The etiquette of those ancient peoples, especially that associated with hospitality, was infinitely more refined than our own. They had a feeling, which we have lost, for the ritual act. Their code of manners was at the same time meticulous, subtle, very conventional, yet highly expressive and living in its meaning.

Upon learning that Jesus was in this house, Mary Magdalene picked up a jar of perfume and hastened there. These jars of perfume were tiny masterpieces of sculpture and painting. They were sealed in such a way that you had to break them at the neck to pour out their contents. You sacrificed the jar as well as the perfume. The jar which Mary Magdalene brought with her was especially handsome. It was alabaster, reserved for a perfume of great price, one of those perfumes of the Orient which penetrate to

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your very blood—perhaps a perfume intended as an offering to God, the spilling of which was forbidden in honor of a creature.

Here she came, magnificently clad, as if to meet a king, adorned with all her beautiful young woman's radiance, carrying in her graceful hands the fragile, precious amphora. Every woman who is lovely and sure of her appearance hesitates for an instant on the threshold of a room filled with men. Mary also stopped for a moment, dazed a little by the shade after the blinding light of the street. At last she recognized her Lord, without ever having seen Him before. He was at the place of honor. She did not yet move forward, feeling the weight upon her of all the converging glances of the men who were present, the astonishment in all those glances compounded of admiration for her beauty and of reprobation for her person. Then, fearlessly, she confronted the broadside, and with solemn humility moved forward and knelt down behind Christ, at His feet.

Prostrate at the Lord's feet, she kissed them. Suddenly she began to sob.

She broke the vase and spilled the perfume on Christ's feet, and her tears were mingled with this unction. Then, unfastening her hair, she let it fall and wiped the feet with her locks. In her own fashion and with her style beyond compare, without a word, she had just taken up John's testimony where he had left off: "Behold the Lamb of God who takes away the sins of the world." And so did she pay an homage worthy of her: the most public, the most sumptuous,



the most silent, and the most eloquent possible.

An homage likewise the most scandalous of all for a Pharisee. The master of the house looked upon this scene and said within himself, "This fellow, were He truly a prophet, would know very well who this woman is who touches Him, and that she is a sinner."

The truth is that this woman, by her presence in such a place and by her whole attitude, raised a question. This question the Pharisee could not resolve. He could not even understand it.

The Pharisees were grimly nationalistic, strongly opposed to the introduction into their country of Greek ways of life. They made a point of describing themselves as people "apart." Now Mary Magdalene stood for the Hellenic ideal of womanhood: she knew it, she asserted it by her clothing, her conduct, and her every action.

There was more than this, however. The Law forbade prostitution; it went further, and declared impure for the rest of the day, and therefore unfit for prayer or sacrifice, anyone who had had sexual intercourse, even legitimately as a married person. How much more would this be the case with the illegitimate state of free love professed by Mary Magdalene. Such things must at all cost be avoided if you wished to remain "pure" and pleasing to God. Above all

you must not allow yourself to be touched by them. Mere physical contact sufficed to make you yourself impure for a certain period.

The Pharisees, moreover, were people of rigid principles and practice. Far from neglecting the Law, they asserted that they were its defenders, and endlessly complicated it with observances even more strict than the Law required with regard to this legal purity. According to the Talmud, a good Pharisee, whenever he saw a woman, should knock his head against a wall.

For good Pharisees a Sadducean woman was impure, probably because the women of the great Sadducean families did not usually avoid association with pagans. This was certainly the case with Mary Magdalene.

The Pharisee was thus terribly scandalized to see this woman touch Christ and to see that, far from putting her aside with horror, Christ allowed Himself to be touched by her. Automatically, such a contact made Him impure, unworthy to offer sacrifice and prayer to God. So deeply rooted was the Pharisee in this belief that he could not think that Jesus consciously accepted this impure contact. He preferred to think that Jesus did not know who this woman was.

Obviously, Christ knew very well what was going through the Pharisee's mind. He did not need to be a prophet to guess it. The Phari-

see's face must have betrayed him; it must have been the face of a man who knows he should strike his head against a wall.

As was His custom, Christ made an even greater scandal. In substance, He said, "I know very well this woman is a sinner and that contact with her can sully other men. I know very well that up until now she has spent her life enticing others to impurity. But that has no importance whatever for me. Through this contact it is not I who will be soiled, it is she who will be purified. Because it is I who am the source of all purity.

"You imagine, Simon, that I do not know who this woman is. But it is you, Simon, who do not know who I am. Whereas this sinner has understood who I am and that I am the Lamb who takes away the sins of the world.

"Look upon her: I entered your house and you did not wash My feet; but she washed My feet with her tears and wiped them with her hair. You did not embrace Me; but she, from the moment she entered the room, has not ceased to kiss My feet. You did not anoint My head with oil; but she anointed My feet with perfume. This is why, I tell you, many sins are forgiven her because she has greatly loved. A person whom one has little to forgive loves less. And it is upon love, furthermore, that you all shall be judged. Not upon the Law, nor upon what this woman used to call

wisdom, but upon love, without which law and wisdom are merely pride and folly."

And, turning toward this woman, He said: "Your sins are forgiven you." Those who were at table with Him began to say among each other: "Whom does He take Himself to be, this fellow, that He even dares forgive sins?" But He did not listen to them, and said to the woman: "Your faith has saved you. Go in peace."

Mary Magdalene's genius blazes forth in the way in which she upsets traditional ceremonial to improvise one for herself, the ceremonial of love.

Putting herself in the place of the master of the house, so as to render to Christ the duties of hospitality, she foretells that God has come among men not for the sake of the just; but for sinners, for their salvation. He is not really at home among us save when He is in the midst of sinners; He is worthily received only with the tears of repentance, kisses upon those feet which carried the glad tidings of our salvation, the precious perfume of our poor wisdom.

And what sovereign in all the world ever had, to wipe dry the royal unction, a more magnificent towel than the Magdalene's glorious hair? He came to convert sinners, but He converted them only by making Himself loved. This is what, without opening her mouth, this woman teaches us.

American Credo

Belief in the natural law gave rise to our country

By G. STUART HOGAN

Condensed from the *Waverly Sun**

Father Hogan won the 1952 George Washington honor medal of the Freedoms Foundation with this essay. He is pastor of St. James church in Waverly, N. Y.

IT WAS belief in God which produced the U.S. and our God-given freedoms, inalienable rights, and material prosperity. Our ability to preserve our freedoms and prosperity will depend directly upon our ability to understand and perpetuate the principles which gave us birth.

The principles are in the Preamble of the Declaration of Independence. They are 1. Belief in God, the Creator of heaven and earth. 2. Belief that all men are created equal. 3. Belief that man has been endowed by God with certain inalienable rights, among which are rights to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. 4. Belief that the function of civil government is to secure these rights among men. 5. Belief in a natural moral law as the basis for all human law, to which all human law must conform. This is our American Credo.

Today certain individuals and groups wish to destroy our basic national principles. In so doing they would destroy our nation. These persons and groups are: 1. All atheists, agnostics, and persons who do not believe in a personal God. 2. The communists, their fellow travelers, various leftist groups. 3. That cross section of the American public which for one reason or another does not understand the genesis of our national life. These are the termites which are undermining America.

Principles are like the atomic bomb: they seem insignificant to the uninformed, but they are capable of almost limitless potentialities. Let us see how the principles laid down in the Declaration of Independence have given us the many blessings of our American way of life.

First, let us see how the belief in a personal God has affected our nation. If there is no God, then man is the mere creature of the state and derives his rights from the state. Therefore his rights can be

**Waverly, N. Y. May 7-14, 1953. Copyright 1953 by G. Stuart Hogan, and reprinted with permission.*

taken away by the state. His rights are not inalienable. In the philosophy of Hitler, Stalin, Tito, and the other materialists, the individual exists merely for the state. If the state chooses to liquidate its citizens for what it calls the public good, no injustice is done, since the citizen has no inalienable rights.

Secondly, we believe that all men are created equal. Now, the Founding Fathers came from a class-conscious society. They could hardly have been naïve enough to think that all men were born equal physically, or were equally endowed with this world's goods, or even had equal natural talents or equal education. When the Christian of the 18th century spoke of all men as being created equal he meant that all men were created to the image and likeness of God. They had immortal souls, and were destined for eternal union with God in heaven. In other words, all men are equal because each is a human personality, not an animal, and each has an eternal, not merely a temporal, destiny. To attain this, man must be free from all enslavement by the state, and therefore has been endowed by his Creator with certain inalienable rights. Moreover, the Christian would add that Christ died equally for all men, and that all men, regardless of race or color, were redeemed by His Blood. Therefore, all were equal for this reason, too. If we

remove these religious reasons for the natural equality of men, it would be difficult to show that men are otherwise equal.

Thirdly, as Americans we believe with the Founding Fathers that man has been endowed by his Creator with certain inalienable rights to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. The great English jurist, Gladstone, and the American jurist, Wilson, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, tell us that the purpose of man on earth is to pursue his own happiness, but that no one can be happy unless he is in conformity with the will of God.

Man was created with a twofold destiny—one temporal, one eternal—happiness in this life and happiness in the next. In each case, this happiness is attained only through conformity to the will of God, or the natural law. Man, therefore, has been given certain rights by his Creator that he may be able to live in conformity with the natural law. The state may not do anything which would impede man from attaining happiness in this life and in the life hereafter through conformity with the divine plan.

Fourthly, we believe that the function of civil government is to secure to men their natural and God-given rights. The Founding Fathers, wiser as a result of their experience with the home government of England, feared nothing so much as a police state. They

desired independence not only from the king of Great Britain, but insofar as possible, from all civil government. The new government which they sought to set up would not rule their lives as kings in all lands had done in the past; the government existed, Thomas Jefferson said, "to keep men from injuring one another, and to secure to its citizens their natural, God-given rights."

Lastly, the Founding Fathers believed in a natural law which is the norm of all human law. Any human law which was not in conformity with the natural law was to be regarded as unjust. The natural or universal law of God was an eternal norm to which appeal could be made from the injustices of human legislators. Basically, our Founding Fathers fought the War of Independence over the question of the natural law.

To understand the natural law controversy we must go back in English history to the times of two great Lord Chief Justices, Coke and Blackstone. These two men, more than any others, influenced the English common law. Coke lived a century before Blackstone. He taught clearly and positively that there is a law above all human law, the law of the universe or the natural law, that plan of God whereby man as a human being is made responsible for his actions to God. The enactments of human legislators were just and valid only

when they were in harmony with the natural law. Legislation not in conformity with the natural law was null and void.

Between the time of Coke and Blackstone, in 1688, came the English Revolution and with it a change in the philosophy of English law. Blackstone taught with Coke a natural law, and said that any act of Parliament made contrary to the natural law was null and void; but he also said that although this be true, he knew of no human authority to which appeal could be made for adjustment of grievances if Parliament did pass an unjust law. The American colonists no longer had any ground for appeal from the acts of Parliament; they no longer enjoyed inalienable rights: this at a time when they believed themselves to be unjustly treated by England. It was to reestablish those rights of the natural law that the Founding Fathers drew up the Declaration of Independence.

As a result, we today still enjoy inalienable rights. Even though Congress passes a law and the vast majority of the American people give their approval to it, that law can be set aside by the Supreme Court if it can be shown that this act of Congress violates the natural rights of some individual or some minority group.

Today, in many lands, men have lost their natural God-given rights. We in the U.S. are in danger of

losing ours because so many Americans have never been taught that our belief in human freedom as an inalienable right stems from our belief in God. As Walter Lippmann once said, "Those responsible for education have removed from the curriculum the Western culture which produced the modern democratic state: the schools and colleges have been sending out men who no longer understand the

creative principle of the society in which they live."

Let us then realize that the rights to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness are God-given. These rights do not exist, or at least, are not inalienable, if we deny or ignore the existence of God. The Declaration of Independence of the Founding Fathers is, and must ever remain, the Credo of the American people.



The Cross Rides High

GOV. THEODORE R. MCKELDIN of Maryland told a Philadelphia audience recently that he had been a guest last summer at the opening of the new dining hall at the U. S. Military academy at West Point.

The general showing him around was particularly proud of the arrangements of the flags of the 48 states. They were placed in a serried position, each with a tipped point. The flags were arranged 24 on either side of the dining hall.

Governor McKeldin announced to the general that he shared his appreciation of the arrangement but that there was something wrong with the Maryland flag.

"Maryland," said the governor, "was founded by Catholics who came over in the *Ark* and the *Dove*. Although the population of the state today is varied, there has always been a sizable Catholic population. Consequently, we have a law in our state that the flag of the state cannot be displayed unless it is tipped with the cross. The flag of Maryland you are displaying has a spear on the end."

This left the general pretty much flustered, the governor said. Several months later, an emissary from the general visited the governor at the state capitol.

The emissary said that the general had removed the spear from the Maryland flagpole and had replaced it with a cross.

"You know, though, it has the general disturbed," said the emissary. "The cross has upset the perfect serried appearance of the flags. It sticks out above the rest."

"I told him," said Governor McKeldin, a devout Episcopalian, "that the cross always sticks out above everything else."

Rex Golier.

What We Americans Think of Our Lord

*The 16th in a series of articles on the CATHOLIC DIGEST
Survey of Religion in the U.S.*

How real is Jesus Christ to Americans? What does Christ mean to most Americans?

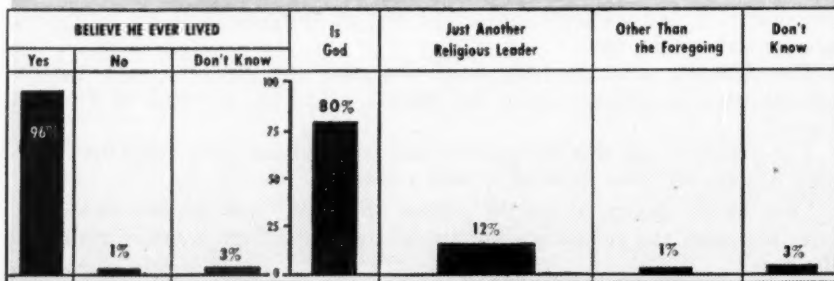
In the CATHOLIC DIGEST survey on religion in the U.S., two questions were asked concerning Jesus Christ. The first question was: Do you believe that Jesus Christ ever actually lived? The response to this question was an overwhelming Yes. Ninety-six out of every 100 Americans 18 years of age and older believe that Christ actually lived. Only one out of every 100 do not believe that He actually lived. The remainder said that they did not know.

Translated into numbers of persons, the survey shows that more

than 100 million of the 104 million adult Americans believe that Christ actually lived. So unanimous are Americans on this question, there is no point in examining the figures in detail.

The question of Christ's existence has been considered by Biblical scholars. A few think that Jesus never lived. Others, examining the same tradition, concluded not only that Jesus actually lived, but that Christianity could not have developed in the manner that it did unless Christ actually lived in the way He is represented in the New Testament. The vast majority of Americans stands on this second position of the scholars.

AMERICAN BELIEF ABOUT CHRIST



104 Million Adults Over 18

Question 11-a. Do you believe that Jesus Christ ever actually lived?

11-b. Do you think He was God, or just another religious leader like Mohammed or Buddha?

	Millions of People This Represents †	BELIEVE JESUS CHRIST WAS					Don't Believe Christ Ever Lived %	Don't Know ** %
		God %	Another Leader %	Son of God %	Other %	Don't Know %		
TOTAL U. S.....	104.0	74	12	6	1	3	1	3
RELIGION—R. Catholic.....	23.7	89	6	3	*	1	*	1
Protestant total.....	71.1	74	10	8	1	4	1	2
Baptist.....	18.0	85	6	5	1	2	0	1
Methodist.....	16.6	77	9	6	*	5	*	3
Lutheran.....	7.9	70	12	9	*	4	2	3
Presbyterian.....	7.2	70	12	11	1	4	0	2
Episcopal.....	3.0	66	17	8	2	5	1	1
Congregational.....	1.6	58	24	4	2	4	2	6
Other denominations.....	16.8	70	12	11	1	4	*	2
Jewish.....	3.5	5	66	0	1	5	5	18
Other and None.....	5.7	40	25	5	1	10	5	14
SEX—Men.....	51.5	69	14	7	1	4	1	4
Women.....	52.5	77	10	6	1	3	1	2
AGE—18-24.....	11.8	76	12	6	0	2	*	4
25-34.....	23.4	75	12	6	1	3	1	2
35-44.....	22.3	74	11	6	1	3	1	4
45-54.....	20.0	71	12	6	1	5	1	4
55-64.....	13.7	73	13	5	1	4	1	3
65 & over.....	12.8	74	11	7	2	4	*	2
RACE—White.....	93.7	73	12	7	1	3	1	3
Negro.....	10.3	80	6	1	1	5	1	6
EDUCATION—0-8th grade..	25.0	77	9	5	1	4	1	3
1-3 years' high school.....	19.8	75	10	6	1	4	1	3
High school graduate.....	39.4	75	11	7	1	3	*	3
1-3 years' college.....	7.3	69	14	10	*	3	1	3
College graduate.....	12.5	60	27	5	1	3	*	4
OCCUPATION—Professional	9.3	68	20	6	1	2	1	2
Proprietor or manager.....	9.4	67	18	6	1	3	1	4
White-collar worker.....	19.5	72	15	6	1	3	*	3
Service worker.....	10.4	74	10	7	1	5	1	2
Manual worker.....	40.9	76	9	6	1	4	1	3
Farmer.....	13.0	81	4	10	*	2	0	3
Other.....	1.5	69	17	4	1	5	1	3
INCOME—Upper.....	17.7	71	15	7	1	3	1	2
Middle.....	53.0	73	13	6	1	3	1	3
Lower.....	33.3	76	8	6	1	4	1	4
CITY SIZE—Over Million...	12.1	66	18	6	*	3	1	6
100,000-1 Million.....	18.6	69	16	5	1	5	1	3
25,000-100,000.....	12.2	72	8	10	2	5	1	2
10,000-25,000.....	8.2	75	11	3	1	5	1	4
Under 10,000.....	35.9	76	11	6	1	3	1	2
Rural.....	17.0	79	6	8	1	3	1	2
REGION—New England....	6.4	62	23	2	3	5	2	3
Middle Atlantic.....	20.8	73	16	3	*	4	1	3
South Atlantic.....	14.6	81	8	5	1	3	0	2
East South Central.....	7.9	89	4	2	0	1	1	3
West South Central.....	10.0	81	7	9	0	3	0	0
East North Central.....	21.0	68	12	9	1	4	1	5
West North Central.....	9.7	73	6	10	1	4	1	5
Mountain.....	3.5	65	14	11	2	1	0	7
Pacific.....	10.1	68	18	8	0	3	0	3

*Less than one-half per cent.

† 18 years of age and older.

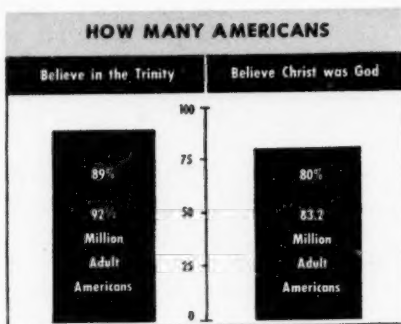
**Don't know whether or not Jesus Christ ever lived.

The second question was worded in the following way: Do you think He was God, or just another religious leader like Mohammed or Buddha? The answers to this question show that 74% believe that Christ was God, 12% that He was just another religious leader, 6% that He was the Son of God, 1% that He was other than any of these, and 3% who do not know what He was. The four out of every 100 not accounted for in these answers were those who, in answering the first question, had stated either that Christ did not actually live or that they did not know whether He had actually lived.

At first glance, the statistics on this question seem surprising. If you compare them with the statistics given on the question concerning belief in the Trinity, you will discover that more seem to believe in the Trinity than in the divinity of Christ.

The question on the Trinity was asked in the survey just before the two questions on Jesus Christ. In answering that question, 89% of all adult Americans expressed a belief in the Trinity, the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. But, as we have just seen, only 80% say they believe that Christ was God. One would expect an extremely high correlation between the answers to the two questions. Instead, there is a drop of 9%. Can this difference be explained to any extent?

If you start running down the



figures on the different religious groups, looking for an important deviation somewhere, you will discover, instead, that all religious groups show a drop in percentage from belief in the Trinity to belief in the divinity of Christ. For example, those who say they are Catholics drop from a 98% belief in the Trinity, to 89% belief that Christ was God. The Baptists, who were next strongest in belief in the Trinity with 95%, drop to 85% on this question. The Lutherans drop from 93% to 70%, the Methodists from 90% to 77%, and so on with the other Protestant groups.

The similar drop in all religious groups suggests that some common factor affects the answers given to belief in the divinity of Christ. This common factor shows up when you examine the way in which answers were given to the question on the Trinity as compared to the way in which answers were given to the question on the divinity of Christ.

In answering the question on

the Trinity, only three types of answers were given: belief in the Trinity, no belief in the Trinity, and undecided. The question on whether Christ was God, however, had four types of answers. There were those who said that Christ was God, that Christ was another leader, that Christ was other than any of these, and finally those who were undecided or did not know. In the answers to these two questions, those who stated a belief in the Trinity did not take the same answer out of the five possibilities concerning the divinity of Christ.

Among those who professed belief in the divinity of our Lord, 6% insisted on answering, with greater precision, that our Lord is the "Son of God." Either answer is correct, so to the 74% ("believe He is God") may be added the 6% ("believe He is the Son of God"), resulting in a total of 80% of adult Americans who believe in the divinity of Christ.

The various religious groups gain accordingly. The proportionate gain strongly suggests that members of all religious groups understood the phrase "Son of God" to signify the divinity of Christ. Catholics pick up 3% this way for a total of 92%, compared to the 98% of them who believe in the Trinity. Baptists gain 5% for a total of 90%, compared to 95% belief in the Trinity. Lutherans gain 9% for a total of 79%, compared to 93%; Methodists gain 6% for a total of 83%, compared

to 90%. Similar gains are recorded in the other Protestant groups. Since these religious groups hold doctrinally that Christ is literally divine, it is not unreasonable to suppose that the members of such groups, in using the expression "Son of God," intend the doctrinal meaning of the expression.

Nevertheless, some difference still remains between those who believe in the Trinity and those who believe in the divinity of Christ. The difference of percentage that remains, however, can be explained, in part at least, by presuming that some who professed belief in the Trinity saw no discrepancy in stating that Christ was "another leader." They may have simply meant that Christ was a great religious leader without noting that such a phrase was intended to imply only that Christ was not divine.

The breakdown of statistics on this question shows that though

Then Jesus came into the neighborhood of Caesarea Philippi; and there He asked His disciples, What do men say of the Son of Man? Who do they think He is? Some say John the Baptist, they told Him, others Elias, others again, Jeremy or one of the prophets. Jesus said to them, And what of you? Who do you say that I am? Then Simon Peter answered, Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God.—*Matthew, 16:13-19.*

81-82% of Americans having an education through high school say that Christ is God (or say He is the Son of God, which for the purposes of this survey is the same thing), the percentage of those having up to three years of college education is 79%, and the percentage of college graduates is only 65%. As with the question on the Trinity, and on other doctrinal matters, the survey emphasizes the fact that religious education on the college level is absent or inadequate. It is especially significant to note, in this respect, that 27% of college graduates (compared to only 10% of high-school graduates) believe that Christ is only another leader. This relatively large percentage suggests that to whatever extent college students are taught anything about Christ, it is not in religion or theology courses, but in such courses as surveys in the humanities, where the divinity of Christ tends to be played down.

The East South Central region* has the greatest percentage of belief in Christ as God. Ninety-one out of every hundred there believe in the divinity of Christ. This same region had the greatest percentage of belief in the Trinity and, in general, has the strongest belief in doctrinal matters. The West South Central† is second with 90%, and the East North Central‡ averages 77%. The Mountain** area has 76%, though the Mountain re-

gion was very low in the survey on belief in the Trinity. Somewhat surprisingly, New England†† has the lowest percentage of belief in the divinity of Christ, 64%, with a relatively high 23% belief in Christ as simply a great leader.

In the face of obvious variations among educational and geographical groups, the age groups reveal a surprising constancy. All age groups are within five percentage points of each other. The smallest percentage of those who believe that Christ is God is 77%, in the 45-54 age group. The highest percentage, 82%, is in the youngest age group, 18-24.

How real is Jesus Christ to Americans? There is no room for any doubt on the answer to this question. Only one out of every hundred adult Americans does not believe that Jesus Christ actually lived. What does Christ mean to most Americans? It is safe to say that at least 80 out of every 100 adult Americans believe in the divinity of Christ.

These statistics are sufficient to warrant the conclusion that the U. S. is certainly a Christian nation with respect to belief on such fundamental questions as the reality of Christ and His divinity.

*Ky., Tenn., Ala., Miss.

†Ark., La., Okla., Tex.

‡Wis., Ill., Ind., Ohio, Mich.

**Mont., Ida., Wyo., Colo., N. Mex., Ariz., Utah, Nev.

††Maine, N.H., Vt., Mass., Conn., R.I.

How Often Should You Trade in Your Car?

The answer depends on more things than you think of right away

By HANK WIEAND BOWMAN

Condensed from *Motor Trend**

WHEN should you trade in your old car? There just isn't one answer. I interviewed representatives of three large automobile clubs; tried for the formula from auto-trade associations; checked with purchasing departments of large companies which operate fleets of passenger cars; tried several taxicab outfits, a car rental agency, and representative used-car lots; and checked research of government bureaus as well as the Automobile Manufacturers' association.

It would be wrapping the problem up neatly if I could say that you should get rid of your present car when it has 27,562 miles showing or when it has depreciated 45% of its original cost. But I can't say that.

Look at the reasons why cars are traded. 1. Business and public relations. Some 59% of all travel in automobiles is done just for business purposes. The good impression created by a clean, well maintained, reasonably new car is con-

sidered by most businessmen as an asset. 2. Social reasons. "Keeping up with the Joneses." About 17% of all cars registered are used primarily for pleasure and travel to and from movies, sports events, and social activities. 3. Mechanical fatigue. In 1951, cars in this too-feeble group were on the average 13½ years old with 135,000 or more miles recorded. 4. Miscellaneous. In this group are the I-can-afford-it buyers who wish a new car when the fancy occurs; the car owners faced with the alternative of major repair expense or a trade; 27% of the nearly 2 million drivers whose cars were badly damaged in serious but nonfatal accidents in the past year; and the small percentage of owners who will be paying for their cars their entire lives but who are drawn to the new models like snakes to a flute.

Detroit's automotive engineers haven't been moving in reverse for the last 25 years. In 1925 the average age of a scrapped car was six and a half years after 25,000 miles

*June, 1953. Copyright 1953 by Trend, Inc., 5959 Hollywood Blvd., Los Angeles 28, Calif., and reprinted with permission.

of operation. By 1940 passenger-car rolling stock wasn't turned out to pasture until it was nine and a half years old and had tallied 80,000. By the end of 1951, the average age of junkers had crept up to 13½ years and the odometer readings were up to 35,000 on the second trip around the dials.

But things do wear out, completely in 13½ years, and most of us don't care to wait for full-scale mechanical senility. Average miles a year per vehicle have changed little in the last 16 years. In 1951, the last year reported by the American Manufacturers' association, the figure was 8,900, compared with the recent high year in 1946 at 9,942, and the low of 6,221 in 1943.

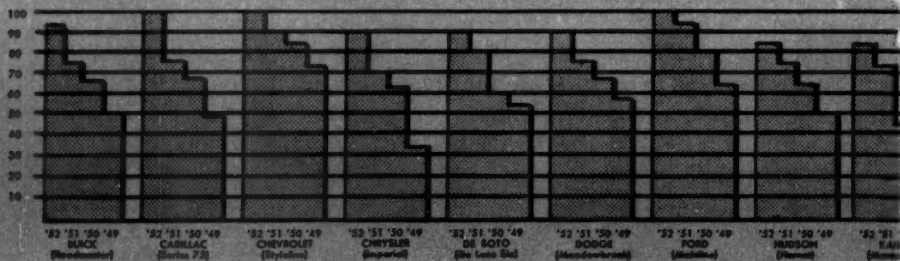
If you drive under or close to this national average, you need not expect any major overhaul or replacement expenses for three years. What happens then? Nothing too drastic, necessarily. You can, however, reasonably expect to buy four new tires, and tubes, too, to be safe; a new battery, if you haven't already done so; have your brakes re-

lined; probably replace a hydraulic cylinder and a couple of shock absorbers; buy new spark plugs, points, condenser, generator brushes; and all told spend a minimum of \$180 to \$250. You'll still have a three-year-old car. How it looks will depend on the care you gave it during those three years. But will it be cheaper for you to trade it in on a new one? Average figures cannot answer the question for you. A driver who rides his clutch may be in for expensive repairs at 15,000 miles while another may not encounter clutch trouble at 75,000. Care affects trade-in value.

Suppose you fall into group 1. You should consider added cost of operation of an older car as opposed to a new car and also the value of a new car to you as a business front. And you have already been able to claim depreciation against income tax if the car is used for business purposes.

If your car trade-in considerations are largely based on a "keeping up with the Joneses" influence, scientific arguments are useless. But

RESALE VALUE IN PER CENT



don't kid yourself too much on the economy angle. Just face it with an honest realization that you desire rolling equipment as neat as or neater than the neighbors'.

In the mechanical-fatigue group, you're nearly forced to trade before your jalopy clutters up the streets with a pile of rust and clobbered parts.

Across the bottom of these pages is a chart compiled from factory FOB prices, average retail value, dollar depreciation, and percentage of depreciation of most standard automobiles on the market today. The factory FOB price for four-door sedans was used since it offered the only reasonable standard. Delivered cost varies in every city and town. Transportation costs, local and state taxes, car registration, and title costs come to a minimum of \$150. These costs are not listed and the dollar depreciation figure is thus optimistic. The chart, however, gives a level base for comparison.

Little economy can be achieved (assuming normal driving usage)

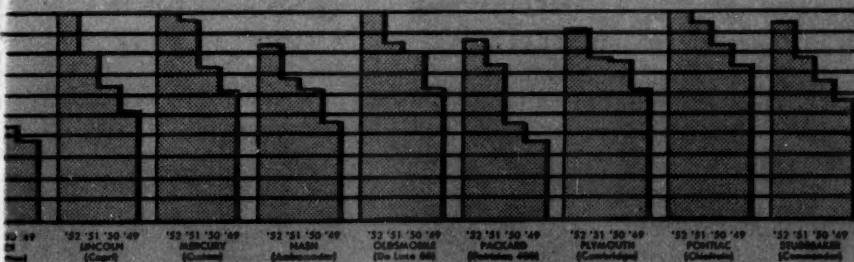
by trading in any car which is only one year old. Largest depreciation percentage appears to occur during the second year, where the range is from 3% at the lowest to 32% with the highest. In the third year of the car's life, on an average, cars have depreciated almost one-third of the original factory FOB price. Notable exceptions are Chevrolet, Ford, Oldsmobile, Pontiac, and Plymouth.

In the fourth year, the over-all depreciation average has increased to 42%; after five years, to nearly 55%. Still reflecting far less depreciation than the average are Chevrolet, Ford, Pontiac, and Plymouth.

In the six-year-old category, the biggest bite at the buyer's pocket-book has already been taken, and depreciations have moved up to about 59%. Plymouth, Chevrolet, DeSoto, Dodge, and Ford are all well under this average.

What do these figures prove? Basically, that depreciation of old cars depends on the total new-car registrations in any given year. For slow depreciation buy a car that is

OF ORIGINAL F.O.B. PRICE



high in national appeal. The least depreciation can be expected to be shown by Chevrolet, Ford, Plymouth, Buick, and Pontiac.

In general, prices vary little between two-year-or-older Buick Specials, Supers, and Roadmasters. The most expensive models suffer the greatest dollar depreciation and percentage depreciation over any period.

In talking to prospects, dealers stress gasoline and oil economy. But according to AAA figures, total cost per mile for operation of a car, including gasoline, oil, maintenance, and tires, is 3.44¢ for the entire country. Assume that your car gets 10 miles to the gallon. Your fuel is costing 2.7¢ a mile. If you average 20 miles to the gallon, it is costing about 1.4¢ a mile. But the real cost of operating any car is reflected in a per-day breakdown of annual fixed costs: insurance, license fees, and depreciation: The AAA set this figure at an average \$1.46 a day in 1951. This is a cost you are going to be faced with the moment you register a car, and no amount of fine conditioning is going to lower it.

The person who buys the most expensive model can expect to pay higher prices for replacement parts. It is common knowledge that certain Cadillac and Oldsmobile parts are identical, although naturally given different catalogue listings. It is also common knowledge that different prices exist for the com-

parable replacement parts in the Oldsmobile and Cadillac catalogues. But certainly the guy who can afford a Cadillac isn't going to be overly concerned.

Remember, it is during the second year of his car's life that the owner of an expensive car takes the biggest dollar depreciation. From a sheer economy standpoint, it would seem then that he should wait until the rapid depreciation levels off. Thus he can enjoy some of the life of the car during its less expensive depreciation period.

What causes the rapid depreciation of certain moderately priced cars? Only a lack of buyer demand based on fewer new-car sales. This is due, perhaps, to later arrival on the automotive scene or to less efficient advertising methods. Should the public fancy switch its allegiance, it would alter the charts completely. In buying a used car, frequently the greatest value can be had by purchasing an "off-brand" item.

Naturally, depreciation figures in relation to turning in a used car are strictly bargaining factors between you and the dealer. If you are mainly interested in a new piece of machinery, the time to trade in is just before the new models come out or after the new models come out if the dealer has a surplus of cars. You, in turn, are buying a car that for resale use is already one year old, and you should take this into consideration.

Factors considered by dealers in accepting trade-ins are numerous. Physical appearance of the car, however, is far more important to the dealer than odometer mileage. Odometers can be, and are, set back. A beaten-up car, however, costs money to put back into first-class condition, and usually the handiwork can be detected by the next buyer, who becomes wary. The car dealer prefers a car with the original paint job, even though it has some rubbed-through spots. He has found that purchasers are skeptical about repaint jobs, and

will immediately suspect the worst.

The original color of your car will affect resale. Gray and pale blue have the least appeal; maroons and reds, although having resale appeal, are toughest on original owners to maintain in good condition. Cars painted with synthetic enamels generally hold up better than lacquered jobs.

A car with excellent original upholstery is far more in demand than one with new seat covers. Keep your car clean for top trade-in value, and you can beat the tables.

How Your Church Can Raise Money

IN OUR town of Castlebar, population 6,000, in western Ireland, we conducted a raffle that both stimulated trade for the local merchants and produced a goodly sum for our cause.

We compiled a list of articles costing roughly £20 (\$56) each. The articles included radios, sewing machines, washing machines, agricultural machinery, sporting equipment, musical instruments, and men's and women's clothing. Our tickets listed these articles.

We next visited shopkeepers. We asked each to display one article in his window, and take a supply of tickets. We supplied each with a large display sign, "Yours for a shilling."

Each merchant was promised that if the winner selected the article in his window, it would be bought from him. The business people had the unusual experience of people asking for tickets. The enterprise got good publicity through publication of winners' pictures in the local papers. It continued for several months, and we reduced our debt by £1,000 (\$2,800).

Richard Corcoran.

Has your parish employed a novel and interesting plan for raising money? If so, write the CATHOLIC DIGEST. For each letter used, we will pay \$10 on publication.

The 49'ers Came Late

Spanish missionaries knew about California's gold long before the discovery at Sutter's mill

By RAY L. SICARD

FEW historians make much of the fact that Catholic mission priests were mining California gold to provide chalices and altar adornments many years before the 49'ers came on the scene. It is probably of no great import but it is significant for the records that more than 350 years before the epoch-making gold rush, Charles V of Spain knew that there was gold in abundance in California. His informant was the conqueror of Mexico, Hernando Cortes.

The priests tried to guard their secret. They knew, as later events proved, that the lust for gold would bring chaos and murder; religious beliefs and practices would be replaced by frenzy, violence, and bloodshed.

There were two priests in particular, Father Muro of San José and Father Mercado of Santa Clara, who expressed such fears while they confided word of their knowledge of the gold to an American in Yerba Buena (San Francisco).

That disclosure by the mission Fathers was made fully four or five years before Jim Marshall picked up the pea-sized nugget in the south

fork of the American river in 1848. Just how long the secret of California's vast wealth would have been kept had not Marshall's find been broadcast is a matter of conjecture. But it is an established fact that William Heath Davis, the man to whom the priests told their secret, kept it until jammed ships began sailing into San Francisco bay to unload gold seekers from the scattered ports of the world.

When Hernando Cortes wrote his account of the discovery of gold by 16th-century Californians in the *Carta Quarta de Relación* of Oct. 15, 1524, Spain apparently had all it could do to transport the gold it was then taking from the Incas of Peru. There is no record to show that the desultory Spanish forays into California were more concerned about gold than with fighting off the Indians.

Sir Francis Drake, who in 1579 touched California (which he called New Albion) during the voyage which took him around the world, said, "There is no part of earth here (California) to be taken up wherein there is not a reasonable quantity of gold and silver."


Possibly 15 or 20 years before the money-mad 49'ers slashed their way through the Sacramento valley, Father Martinez was mining gold and quicksilver near San José mission.

In a manuscript now in the University of California library, Don José de Jesus Pico related how in 1840 he and two companion Mexican soldiers were given 20 ounces of gold, not coined, "but in little balls of an ounce, because Father Martinez liked us very much because we had been his pupils and assisted him at Mass."

Pico was then a captain in the Mexican army apparently engaged in routing out subversives plotting revolution. He had visited Father

Martinez with three other soldiers, all of whom had been reared in the shadows of the mission.

"This gold that I mention," the captain said, "I believe to have been gathered at the point of San José near the mission. There were, when we were little children, about 12 Spaniards working within the mission square; I think that they were cleaning silver and gold, because the Father had many flasks of quicksilver and instruments and materials with which to clean these metals. Many times we tried to see what they were doing, but they never permitted us to; only Indian officials, under penalty of severe punishment if they revealed any secret, were allowed."



The Government Shares Your Gift to Charity

NOT all people realize that they may now deduct as much as 20% instead of the former 15% allowed from their federal income taxes for contributions made to charitable, educational, religious, and other tax-exempt organizations.

According to a study made by the Golden Rule Foundation, the average citizen, whether laboring man or millionaire, contributes less than 2% of the amount allowed by the government.

When a married person with an annual income of \$20,000 makes a gift to charity of \$100, it actually costs him about \$62, for the government exemption allows him to give the other \$38 to the charity. Where a married person's income is \$8,000 a year, the actual cost to the donor of a \$100 gift is \$75. On the other hand, the cost to the donor decreases as income increases. It costs a single person with a \$50,000 income only \$25 to make a \$100 gift, \$125 for a \$500 gift, \$250 for a \$1,000 gift. In other words, the government foregoes what would otherwise be paid as additional income tax in favor of a gift for charitable purposes.

Maryknoll (May '53).

Climbing to the Christ of the Andes

The last half mile is sheer adventure

By GORDON H. MACDOUGALL

Condensed from *Américas**

THE CHRIST of the Andes, the famous peace monument on the Chile-Argentina border, stands in Uspallata pass. I intended to see it, even at the risk of blizzards or avalanches.

This historic symbol of international friendship represents the solution to a perennial border dispute which last flared up during the second half of the 19th century. British diplomats tried to ease the situation. With the support of various women's organizations and Chilean Bishop Ramon Angel Jara and Argentine Bishop Marcolino Benavente, who suggested the idea of the statue as a symbol of peace, they persuaded the two governments to submit the controversy to the king of England. The case for each side was then weighed and analyzed by eminent ju-

rists and geographers who ultimately proposed a compromise acceptable to both countries.

Railroad pilgrimages to the statue may be made from either the Chilean or Argentine side to stations within a short distance of it. It is also possible to drive to the statue over the International highway. In winter, the journey is more

hazardous, but many skiers attempt it from the resort town of Portillo; others make the trip by mule.

I boarded the trans-Andean train for Portillo late in April under a low overcast sky that showed signs of the first big break in the mild autumn weather. By the time the train reached the Andean foothills, I was beginning to worry about the weather. The snow was a foot high at my destination, with five-foot drifts.



*June, 1953. Reprinted with permission from *Américas*, monthly magazine published by the Pan American Union, Washington 6, D. C., in English, Spanish, and Portuguese.

I installed myself at the Hotel Portillo. Then I found a mule owner, feeding his charges. Typical of the men of the *cordillera*, he minced no words. There was no chance of making the climb the next day without a sudden thaw—very unlikely at 9,000 feet.

Next day, however, the sun did break out; the snow might melt appreciably before noon. But my mule-owner friend was still pessimistic about any change in the depth of the snow on the steep upper trails. It took me till 10 A.M. to pressure him into letting me have his best mule. He made me leave a deposit to cover any accident.

Like country children who know there will be no school after a heavy blizzard, the Portillo mules are aware that snowstorms mean a vacation. My animal started the journey reluctantly. Our route lay along railroad tracks, through tunnels, and up cattle paths. At the first tunnel, it appeared that our journey was over. Ordinarily, mules go around the sheds and tunnels, but the high drifts made the usual path impassable. It took much spurring to wheedle mine into the cavernous darkness, but as soon as he saw the opening at the other end, he settled into that rhythmic pace for which his breed is famous. He did not vary it for the rest of the climb, except when he bogged down completely in the snow.

He was an excellent mule. There

is a saying among South American muleteers that accurately describes him: "I will not give you the mule whose step is easiest, but the one that reasons best." Beyond the Portillo tunnel, I gave him a free rein, and he followed the railroad through a broad, snowy valley. At the far end the surrounding mountain peaks began to close in, and the rail line climbed steeply into Caracoles, the last settlement on the Chilean side of the border. There a railroad tunnel leads into Argentina, and directly over it, about 2,000 feet higher, is the statue of Christ, not visible from the train.

As the sun rose higher, big blocks of trapped snow broke loose from time to time and crashed down into the valley with a roar that echoed along the upper levels. I began to worry about being trapped by a sudden blizzard. I recalled stories I had heard of the hardships of earlier travelers. It is not uncommon for a single storm to deposit as much as 15 feet of snow; the tiny shelters along the trail may be little more than roomy coffins unless you have adequate provisions for a long siege.

When I reached Caracoles, the statue lay almost half a mile above me. As the path zigzags up through fields of volcanic ash and boulders, it becomes almost vertical, narrowing to little more than a furrow in the sand with barely enough space for a foothold. The contours are visible through six inches of

snow, but where it is deeper, the mules must rely on either memory or touch. I had no idea which direction to take, but my mount plodded on without a moment's hesitation.

The higher you go, the more conscious you become of the overpowering immensity of the Andes. The last quarter mile is along a gentle slope to a vantage point that affords a magnificent view of the statue against a backdrop of staggering peaks, including one capped by a glacier that slides rakishly off to one side. From here, the impression is not the one given by many geography books, of a small statue with its back to a drab field of gray sand, but of a monument of great dignity facing out over a sharp precipice dropping off to the little town of Las Cuevas in the valley below.

The figure of Christ is 26 feet high, with the cross extending five feet above the head. At the foot, maps of Chile and Argentina are set in bronze on a granite hemisphere resting on a concrete base. A bronze tablet bears Bishop Angel's famous words at the unveiling ceremony: "Sooner shall these mountains crumble into dust than Argentines and Chileans break the peace sworn at the feet of Christ the Redeemer."

After the peaceful settlement of the border dispute, funds began pouring in for the statue, and a young Argentine sculptor, Mateo

Alonso, was selected to execute the work. His final design was cast at the arsenal in Buenos Aires from the fused metal of cannon. Transported with difficulty to Uspallata pass, chosen as the "highest accessible point between the two countries," it was unveiled on March 13, 1904, before more than 3,000 Argentines and Chileans.

As I headed home, my mule preserved his equanimity, whatever inner urges he may have felt. His pace reflected only a leisurely deliberation on where each step was to fall. On the perpendicular sections of the trail he showed remarkable tranquillity and an un-failing instinct for self-preservation in every motion. Instead of swinging around the sharp turns, he would stop momentarily, pivot slowly, and continue his stiff-legged gait down the slope. It was impossible to change his natural pace. Even in the deepest snow he showed no signs of desperation. When it was too much for him, he simply came to a slow halt and awaited the signal to draw back.

In this and all other situations, he showed himself to be a beast of unending patience and discretion, and his stoical tenacity bolstered my courage during the entire expedition. By the time I collected my deposit at the hotel, it seemed small insurance indeed against the possible loss of such a valuable animal. By then, too, I fully appreciated the magnitude of the risk.

The Johnstown Flood

This was one of the most spectacular and appalling disasters our country has ever seen

By FRED W. FRIES

Condensed from the *Grail**

JOHNSTOWN in 1889 was a fast-growing wire and steel center in a valley high in the mountains of western Pennsylvania. Through the city flowed the Conemaugh river, a turbulent stream which wound capriciously down the mountainside and narrowed into a steep gorge as it neared the city limits.

Every spring the Conemaugh and its tributary, Stony creek, would overflow their banks. Often the water would roll down the streets of Johnstown and its neighboring towns.

But nobody, it seems, ever got genuinely alarmed. Even the presence of the sprawling South Fork reservoir, with its leaky, earthen dam, poised 14 miles up the moun-

tainside, didn't cause more than desultory concern.

During the last week of May, 1889, unprecedented rainfall lashed the Conemaugh valley. By Friday morning, May 31, three feet of water stood in Johnstown streets. There was a general evacuation to the upper floors, but a report that the dam was in danger of breaking scared no one. If the dam did give way, the water would doubtless be dissipated by the time it spread 14 miles down the mountainside.

One man was alarmed. He was John G. Parke, a civil engineer, who was visiting friends near the dam.

Parke watched with mounting anxiety as the rising waters lapped at the top of the embankment.



* *St. Meinrad, Ind. May, 1952. Copyright 1952 and reprinted with permission.*

Shortly before noon the steady rain turned into a cloudburst. Realizing the danger, Parke put a group of men to work in a desperate attempt to dig spillways to divert the excess water. But the job was hopeless.

About noon the water began to roll over the embankment. Parke realized that the dam was doomed.

Mounting his horse, he raced two miles into the neighboring village of South Fork to warn the people. Gathering up what valuables they could carry, the 2,000 citizens fled to the hills.

Meanwhile, Parke sent two messengers to telegraph Johnstown, 12 miles down the valley, that the dam would go at any minute.

The woman dispatcher in the telegraph office did not tell the messengers the lines were down. She thought that service might be restored in time to forward the message. It was never sent.

About 3 P.M. small pieces of stone crowning the dam began to crumble away. Twenty minutes later, a 25-foot section collapsed from the center of the dam, and with a roar that witnesses described as "louder than Niagara Falls," more than 100 billion gallons of water deluged through the breach.

From their hilltops, the residents of South Fork watched the raging torrent smash through their deserted village, crushing their homes and barns like eggshells.

Through the narrow gorge of the Conemaugh, the relentless ava-

lanche roared on toward unsuspecting Johnstown.

The steep sides of the gorge were heavily timbered and covered with boulders, some weighing hundreds of pounds. The trees and stones offered enough resistance to permit the water in the rear to gain on the advance wave. As a result, the torrent in the gorge reached the incredible height of 125 feet.

The villages of Mineral Point, Conemaugh, and Woodvale were wiped out. A sprawling wire-and-steel works was demolished, and thousands of feet of barbed wire and telegraph line were cut loose into the current, ensnaring victims who managed to stay afloat in the swirling wreckage.

As the raging torrent neared Johnstown, it was moving more than 50 miles an hour. It dislodged 22 locomotives from their tracks. One, weighing 96,000 pounds, was later recovered more than a mile away, completely buried in mud.

Factory whistles and church bells sounded in futile alarm. Escape on foot was out of the question; swimming was impossible.

Many who fled to housetops were washed away. They were drowned or crushed to death by the battering debris. Entire blocks were completely leveled.

About 50 persons rushed for safety to the top of a steel railroad bridge. The bridge collapsed like a deck of cards.

To the west of Johnstown, the

lethal cascade met its first resistance. Here a squat Pennsylvania railroad span called the "stone bridge" arched 32 feet above the river bed.

In a matter of minutes the debris clogged up the bridge's archways and created a breakwater. One segment of the torrent was diverted to the left of the bridge, where it deposited its grisly cargo high up on the hillside.

The damming action of the congested bridge set up a giant whirlpool, three-fourths of a mile wide and 25 to 30 feet deep.

Those who somehow survived the first onslaught by clinging to rooftops and other large pieces of wreckage, suddenly found themselves floating around helplessly in the boiling maelstrom. The hapless victims shrieked and prayed for help while frantic survivors rushed about the shoreline completely powerless to help them.

Several carloads of petroleum were overturned, and the combustible contents spilled over the wreckage near the stone bridge. About six P.M. the mass of debris burst into flames, apparently ignited by glowing stoves washed down by the flood.

Many of the wretched victims floating around in the whirlpool were thrust "with piercing shrieks into the pyre." The crackle of the blazing timbers would suddenly still the screams of the dying.

Nightfall enveloped the horrible

spectacle in pitch darkness, but the agonized wails of the victims immeshed in the blazing debris continued until dawn.

By Saturday morning the flood had largely subsided, and the survivors began the pathetic search for loved ones.

No accurate total of the dead could ever be established. It has been variously estimated at from 2,000 to 7,000. Hundreds perished in the fire near the bridge, their bodies reduced to ashes. Whole families were wiped out.

Many told of astonishing escapes. One survivor had a harrowing 23-mile ride astride a telegraph pole before he was rescued. A five-month-old baby was found in Pittsburgh the next day, uninjured. It had floated more than 75 miles on the floor of a house.

It took 7,500 workers with power equipment six weeks to clear away the wreckage left by the flood:

The debris deposited near the stone bridge extended for 30 city blocks, stacked 25 to 30 feet high. An eyewitness called it "probably the largest and most heterogeneous conglomeration of litter ever assembled."

A newspaper reporter who inspected the scene described it as follows: "The spoils consist of:

"1. Every tree the flood had touched in its whole course of 16 miles with the limbs and bark stripped off.

"2. The wreckage and contents

of all the buildings of a thickly settled district, three miles long and one-fourth to one-half mile wide.

"3. Half the human beings, all the horses, cows, dogs, cats, and rats that were in the buildings.

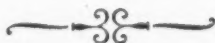
"4. Many hundreds of miles of telegraph wire, some from poles along the railroads but mostly stock from the mills, coiled and woven throughout the entire mass.

"5. Fifty miles of railroad-track

material, rails, and wood cross ties.

"6. Locomotives, cars, tenders, steam boilers, highway bridges, steam engines, streetcars, pig iron, bricks, stone, machinery of all kinds."

In Grandview cemetery are 800 unmarked grave stones, the last resting places of the unidentified dead of the flood of 1889, reminders of America's most appalling disaster.



Dog . . .

THE little boy talked so enthusiastically about the good time he had at summer camp, that his parents were a little disappointed that he hadn't missed home.

"Weren't you at all anxious to get home?" his father asked.

"Well," replied the boy thoughtfully, "not 'specially." He paused for a minute, and then added, "Some of the fellows were—those that had dogs."

Pageant.



. . . Daze

SOME people in the U. S. think that at some future date the world will no longer be able to support its fast-growing population. To these people we recommend the study of another even more fast-growing problem right here at home.

In the past 30 years, the dog population of the U. S. has increased 200% while human population has increased only 50%. The dog's standard of living has gone up to the point where some \$500 million will be spent this year for food, "clothing," shelter, training, and medical attention.

Already we have dog "fashions" from Paris. A style column reported, "High class poodles are being fitted out with little tartan hoods like those made for children, as well as snug waistcoats in angora wool and rubber booties."

At the present rate of increase, the U. S. will have "gone to the dogs" when their population outstrips the human in the year 2020.

Wall St. Journal.

Be a Secretary

It's fun being dictated to when you really like the material

By JEAN LIBMAN BLOCK

Condensed from *Charm**



IN THE entire roster of jobs for women there is none more sensitive, rewarding, and stimulating than that of private secretary to a top-level executive. "Secretarial training" has become the magic phrase that opens doors to impressive jobs in high echelons. The secretary, in a sense, is the executive. She is the hand he writes with, the voice he speaks with; she is his memory, sometimes his conscience, and always the façade he presents to the outside world.

You can express your own creative drives through secretarial channels. If painting, for example, is your love, it may be that your talent does not match your enthusiasm. But as secretary to a museum director you are able to work all day in the atmosphere you crave.

At the secretarial pinnacle are the country's 185 certified professional secretaries. To earn the coveted title of CPS, a girl must pass a grueling 12-hour examination sponsored by the National Secre-

taries association. The tests are given for two days each fall, and cover six phases of secretaryship. Anyone qualified to write CPS after her name is an absolute office wizard. She is ready at a moment's notice to slip behind any secretarial desk, from the White House down.

Not by pull, your family's position, costly professional education, looks nor lure can you scale the secretarial heights. These factors may be helpful in minor ways at various intermediate stages. But when the chips are down, ability and nothing else is decisive.

There is no such thing as an incompetent private secretary to an important executive. The executive himself may be a fraud or a front, letting someone down the line do his work while he takes the bows. But no one else will do the secretary's job for her. No one will cover for her. No one will accept the buck she passes.

Suppose you have a beginning job in an office. You are sorting

*575 Madison Ave., New York City 22. June 1953. Copyright 1953 by Street & Smith Publications, Inc., and reprinted with permission.

files. Or you have mastered enough stenography to be a member of a pool. Or you are a typist, neat, accurate, but not especially speedy. What must you do to move up?

No single skill will take you to the top. The demands of a secretarial job at the executive level do not break down into sharp, orderly categories. But concentrate on seven general areas of advancement; then you will be heading toward the office jobs that are big in pay and prestige.

1. Perfect your technique. The employment market today is such that you can get a good office job with a shocking minimum of training. You may be tempted to think there is little real need for you to master speed and gain efficiency, since you can do so well with little at the start. But for the long pull to the top there is no substitute for high speed and absolute accuracy in shorthand, typing, and a wide range of office machines.

What about the bewildering machines, computing devices, and index systems found in many offices today? Should you bother with them, or attend strictly to pad, pencil, and typewriter? The smart girl takes on as many machines as she reasonably can. She leaves to the experts only the complex electronic units that call for full-time operators.

Not long ago the traffic manager of a hardware firm needed a girl to assist his secretary with the

Kardex system. Peggy was the only stenographer in the pool of 20 who knew how to handle this indexing method. She helped out for two weeks. A month later, when his secretary left, the traffic manager requested Peggy for his secretary. The traffic manager is now a vice-president of the company, in line for the presidency, and Peggy is traveling right along with him.

2. Know your company. Two girls living on the same block took typing jobs at a local factory at about the same time.

Six weeks later someone asked one of them, "What does your company make?"

"Some kind of little widgets for refrigerators," she said. "I don't understand these mechanical things."

To the same question the other girl replied, "We're the only company in the country making a special type of automatic defroster. It works on a new principle of air flow. Just last night I was reading a report that . . ."

Who's going up? It's easy to tell.

Whatever information you can absorb about your company, what it makes, and how you spell the peculiar words of its research or overseas departments may mean a better job within months.

3. Broaden your general knowledge. "Do you know how I got my secretary?" the dynamic president of a major oil company asked recently. "I caught her swiping petroleum-trade journals from the

reception room. She was only a junior typist then. I asked her what she was up to, and she explained that she just borrowed the magazines overnight to read for a course she was taking in economics. The next day I told Personnel to keep an eye on her. Now she's my private secretary, and I can't imagine how I ever did without her."

The typewriter in front of you, the office around you, and finally the world outside that office are part of the everyday business of a really good secretary. You may be less than fascinated by the progress of the European Defense Community. You may not be remotely interested in the boom in open-end trusts. You may not care a hoot about farm subsidies or the deficit of the Metropolitan Opera association. But a running awareness of all these and a great deal more is part of superior secretarial equipment.

"Do you really want to take the production teams to Washington on the 20th?" a secretary asks her boss. "There's a foreign ministers' meeting and a congressional budget hearing scheduled that week. The Department of Defense people you want to see may be all tied up."

"Glad you thought of that," her boss says gratefully. "We'd sure be in the soup if we made that trip for nothing."

4. Make a good impression. Top secretaries don't have to be great beauties, but they are never weird

spectacles. Good taste in office dress has become such a byword for working women that only the rankest beginners need counseling. The good suit, the dark print, the well-cut summer cotton have gone out from the offices of America to dominate the fashion picture at every income level.

Fashion magazines, careful budgeting and shopping, a thoughtful approach to make-up, hairdo, figure control, and personal daintiness will enable you to pass with honors in this department.

Also, listen to the girls with the envied jobs. Without exception you'll find that they have soft, well-cultivated voices. If a speech course will serve you well, enroll.

Meeting new people and getting to know them, holding an office in your club, becoming a good bridge player, seeing a bit of the world during vacation—all these help you develop the poise you admire in others.

5. Get along with people. A secretary occupies a highly social position. Unlike a writer, lab technician, or bookbinder, a secretary can rarely shut her door and lose herself in her work. She must continually please the executives above her; meet people who come to see them; and maintain good relations with fellow secretaries as well as clerks, stenographers, typists, and office boys below her on the job scale.

Getting along with people above you is chiefly a matter of willing-

ness, assuming, of course, that you have the proper competence. You're called in from the steno room at ten minutes to five to take a letter which must be typed immediately. You'll have to stay overtime and be late for a date. What do you do? You stay, if you wish to get ahead. And you don't make a big production of it—perhaps the man who's dictating hasn't left the office before seven for the last two weeks.

6. Tackle the extras. When it comes to choosing an employer's ties, taking his dog to the vet, or buying a space helmet for his four-year-old, do you or don't you? Some of the recruits to office life tend to balk at the extras.

"When a man in the office asks you to do personal things for him," said a top-notch secretary in an advertising agency, "then you know he respects your judgment. He may recommend you for a better job or request you for his own secretary. You're really on your way."

Once in a great while, of course, you'll find a boss who has the notion that in his secretary he has found the reincarnation of slavery. He'll blandly tell her to sit with a grandchild on New Year's eve, or stall off an irate bill collector with obvious untruths. In such extreme cases a girl may decide to take her talents elsewhere, and who can blame her?

7. Cultivate the secretarial virtues. These are legion, and useful for a lifetime. The personal quali-

ties prized in an office are the same ones that make you a gracious hostess, a thoughtful friend, and even a successful wife.

Discretion is one. You learn when to talk and when not to. You remember that off-the-record talk between you and your boss about policy or personnel is off the record.

Another virtue is diplomacy. The manager of the design department calls in a girl who has been working for him and asks her, "Would you like to be interviewed by the plant manager? He's looking for a secretary."

The girl wants to shriek with joy. But she's careful to say, "I'd appreciate the opportunity, although I've liked very much working for you." Thus she protects his ego as well as her path of retreat, in case her forward advance fails.

The third virtue is second sight. You know intuitively that the man in your boss's office is wasting that boss's time. So without prearranged signals you devise means to speed the visitor on his way. Or your boss asks you for the floor plans of the new plant. When you put the plans on his desk, you put the contractor's estimates on your desk, because you foresee what's coming. You want to be ready, and you don't want to make two trips to the files.

Among many other things, a good secretary learns timing: when to make suggestions and when not to. She becomes adept at polite

nagging, to get her man to appointments on time. She learns to sidestep office intrigue and infighting. She develops a special knack for unobtrusively putting the men at their ease when she finds herself the only woman at a board meeting or on a field trip. She is endlessly patient if necessary, but moves swiftly and directly when she spots a fluid situation that may mean recognition for herself, boss, or company.

All these qualities are facets of secretarial advancement. They are as flexible and varied as the whole panorama of the secretarial career.

And that career is by no means limited to conventional offices, factories, stores, or the endless caverns of Washington agencies. Wherever there is human activity, there are secretaries: on remote ranches, at distant mining camps, fisheries, research stations, on archaeological expeditions.

Whether you go up from the bottom in one company or shuttle from job to job until you're in a spot with real promise, you can make your mark as a secretary. If all secretaries were banished, the work of the world would stop. How indispensable can you get?

Stamps for Spies

A LARGE part of Russia's money for espionage purposes abroad comes from stamp collectors. Russia first became aware of this golden opportunity for raising money at the 1939 New York World's Fair. As part of its exhibition, the Russian pavilion put on display two sets of stamps, one picturing the pavilion, the other showing a Russian youth holding a torch. Both stamps were printed in America, but sales were tremendous. When the Russians noted that stamp collectors prefer stamps that have been used, they started cancelling whole sheets at a time. They didn't even bother to remove the gum from the back of the stamps.

After the fair, the Soviet government set up a Philatelic agency, unconnected with their Post Office department. The only stamps it prints are those for sale to foreign collectors. These Russian stamps commemorate events and occasions which have never occurred. In one instance, the Soviet agency is believed by stamp dealers to have forged one of its own issues, the Russian stamps issued for famine relief in 1921.

Russia is making about \$12 million a year from the sale of these stamps in the U.S., and cold war or not, it continues to print one of the most popular collector items, the 2nd World War's "friendship" stamp showing the American and British flags.

Henry C. Nicholas in the *Long Island Sunday Press* (19 Apr. '53).

Don't Bury the 'Vanishing Irish'

*Emigration, not late marriage, has been the problem, and
that is being solved*

By ERNEST AHEARNE

Condensed from *Columbia**

HAVE you heard the news that the Irish are "vanishing"? It's not true.

Between 1936 and 1951, the population of Ireland increased at an average rate of 5,542 a year. At that rate, it will take a long time for the Irish to vanish.

Before Ireland got the first measure of self-government in 1922, there had been for a century and more an outdraining of the people. Famine made of the trickle of emigrants first a current, then a torrent, and finally a flood. From 1881 to 1911 Ireland lost 4 million people. Between 1911 and 1936 the yearly loss averaged 5,682.

The tide has changed since 1936 but emigration has not ended. Recent emigration has been mainly to Britain, to which Irishmen and women go more lightly because it seems so much nearer home. It is an effort to get employment on armament and construction schemes with the high earnings that may be won by unlimited overtime. Normal wages in Ireland are better than in Britain: the car-

penter gets higher pay, the electrician, plumber, mason, even the unskilled laborer. But in Britain, though the hourly wage is less, the total earnings are more because there is no strict limit to hours.

Americans may feel that departure from Ireland of young men and women simply to make money is not patriotic. But that is how America was peopled; it was to make more money that ancestors of most present U.S. citizens crossed the Atlantic.

Ireland has been fighting emigration for the last 20 years. In the early 30's, emigration fell from an annual 27,000 to 8,000. If it could be held at that, the cycle of the Irish dispersion would have ended, for, with only 8,000 emigrants, there would be an annual gain of 8,000, since the birth rate then exceeded the death rate by some 16,000 (it is more now).

To hold it at this level became the great objective. An industrial drive established 1,000 new factories and provided work for 74,000 men and women between 1932 and 1938.

*New Haven 10, Conn. June, 1953. Copyright 1953 by the Knights of Columbus, and reprinted with permission.

The division of the big estates was speeded up, and 36,000 new farms were provided for landless families. The import of flour was prohibited, and the mills of the country set going again. Tillage expanded to 2 million acres after wheat growing and production of sugar beets were made especially profitable. The development of natural resources, electricity, turf for fuel, and reforestation gave much-wanted work.

But the world, and Britain, got to armament making again, and the outward flow was resumed, to reach high figures in the years immediately after the war. It has fallen again in recent months, and the hope is that the population is set for a constant climb.

Why do I deal so much with emigration and so little with late marriages and the large number of unmarried people? Because the sole cause of Ireland's depopulation since 1841 has been emigration.

Why are the marriages late? The main cause is that there are 466,665 farms in Ireland. More than half of these are under 50 acres, and can support only one family. But in the West of Ireland, where the farms are smallest, the families are largest. There may be five or six sons, three or four daughters. Only one of the sons can inherit the farm: the others must leave the land. The heir does not get the land until he is near 40; the girl he has chosen has no alternative but to wait. To

remedy this Mr. de Valera proposed, many years ago, the building of a dower house on the middle-sized farms. The old couple could go there to live, handing over the land to the son earlier, and enabling him to marry younger. The idea did not catch on.

But though our Irish girls marry later than the girls of other countries, the fertility of Irish marriages has been greater than that of other countries. The lateness cancels itself out. The Irish have one of the highest fertility rates in Europe. A recent census shows that in number of children to every 100 married women we Irish have the highest ratio in the world—123. The U. S. had about half our total, 64. Moreover, since the turn of the century our people have been marrying younger.

Increase in births over deaths has brought about the most hope-giving table of all those in the 1951 census volume. It shows that at last our natural increase is greater than our net emigration.

	Natural Increase per 1000	Net Emigration per 1000
1911-26	5.2	8.8
1926-36	5.5	5.6
1936-46	5.9	6.3
1946-51	8.5	8.2

These figures are the fruit of a long-term government effort to remove marriage barriers and to encourage a higher birth rate. The slums have been three-fourths

wiped away. Nearly 250,000 new dwellings have been provided. The new houses are let at cheap rents, and a number are kept specially for newlyweds. Social legislation has eased the burden of large families with children's allowances, sickness and unemployment benefits, maternity allowances, a wonderful improvement in the number and equipment of hospitals, and special health services for mothers and children.

There is another side to emigration which criers of "the vanishing Irish" might look at.

Where did they vanish to, those lads and lasses who crossed the seas? The Catholic populations of Britain, America, and Australia are today largely Irish. A list of Irish bishops would more than fill this page. The teachers in thousands of schools all over the English-speaking world are Irish, the nurses in innumerable hospitals, the doctors in many a street and town to the world's end.

I have a brother a Jesuit in Hong Kong; my wife has a sister a nun in Providence, R. I.; an old friend

is a missionary in Manila, another is a parish priest in South Africa, a third is in charge of a chapel outside Melbourne. And so it goes: there is not an Irish family which has not someone at the ends of the earth serving God.

This is not of past years. It is of this generation, of today. At this very hour, there are hundreds of young men and women who could have a pleasant and materially profitable life in Ireland who are preparing for the hardships of the missions in Korea, Africa, Asia, wherever pagans are and dangers lie. Hardly a week passes but a plane leaves Shannon or a steamship slips past the Dublin quays with a group of girls going to complete their novitiate in Texas, or Columban priests facing possible martyrdom in Korea, or Irish Jesuits off to the Chinese borders, or Holy Ghost Fathers steering for South Africa, or nuns waving good-by on the way to Australia.

The Irish won't vanish. What they have given to God will protect them now as it has kept them through far darker times.

Pest Wishes to You, Too

PAUL CLAUDEL, the distinguished French Catholic poet, once was very ill. He received from a sympathetic but not very tactful friend the following telegram: "Distressed learn you are dying. Kindly remember me when you reach heaven."

Claudel replied: "Thanks for suggestion. Will make knot in my shroud."

New Zealand Tablet (25 Feb. '53).

A New Shape for Your Shoes

*They may look at first as though they were on you backwards,
but your feet will be glad*

By SIMON J. WIKLER

Condensed from "Your Feet Are Killing You"

EVERYBODY's feet are deformed by most of the modern shoes.

The human foot is so constructed that the heel should rest flat on the ground. The waist of the foot should be unhampered by any pressure, and the toes should move freely. Modern shoes violate all three of these requirements.

The ball of your foot is more than twice as wide as your heel, and when the first and fifth toes are spread (an impossibility in modern shoes) this width is even greater. In shoe-wearing peoples this natural wide forefoot is now found only in infants.

Since modern shoes are more or less pointed at the tip, the toes soon become puny, deformed, and useless. Your toe bones are forced back against your metatarsal bones (the long bones of the body of your foot), which in turn exert backward pressure against the central part of your foot. The elevated heels of pres-

ent-day shoes thrust an abnormal portion of your body weight onto these weakened structures. To draw on another area for help, people turn the foot outward, at least a little, but this posture only causes fallen arches.

The term *arch* was not widely used to describe the dome-shaped portion of your foot until factory-produced shoes became widely distributed. Shoe wearers, forced to lean on the elastic inner side of the foot, found that they could not comfortably do so unless the hollow of the foot was firmly braced.

Thus was born the arch-support industry. Arch supports do not always give relief. Even when they do, they immobilize many small bones of the foot and force them to carry the body weight. The true function of these bones (with their connecting ligaments) is to act as springs. The wearing of arch supports results finally in the shrinking of



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unused muscles and more trouble.

The false doctrine of supporting the arch has such a grip on the public that shoemen and parents often deplore the present style trend toward flat-heeled, archless, casual shoes. The truth is that this style of shoe is more natural and healthful than the old style. The girls who are wearing these casual shoes today will have far less foot trouble than their mothers had.

Public re-education can change the idea of what is a stylish shoe, even though it should also happen to be a nondeforming shoe.

Prewalking babies need no shoes, and even when your infant first begins to stand and walk, shoes are unnecessary. In a play pen or on clean floors your child is more comfortable when barefoot. In winter, when floors are cold, woolen stockings are more practical than shoes. Above all, remember that infants must develop their bones and muscles. Deformity to the feet of babies is most serious. Avoid first shoes as long as possible.

For growing children the most important consideration is the proper selection of shoes. If a shoe fits a growing child when purchased, in a very short time it will be too small for him. Therefore, get shoes larger than the fit. Teach yourself what a good fit is; do not rely on the judgment of a clerk.

The design of a modern shoe which brings its toe to a point makes the first half inch useless.

For a growing child there should be at least an adult's thumb width of length extra; some free space should exist on either side of the toes. There should be some free space also on either side of the ball. Sandals should be wide enough to fall off the feet at each step if not fastened.

Modern stockings, like shoes, have no relation to the true structure of the foot. Instead of expanding at the toes, they are pointed. For this reason, stockings should be worn about an inch and one half longer than the ends of the toes, and the added length of stocking should fit into the unused toe of the shoe. When a child's stocking becomes less than three fourths of an inch longer than the longest toe, it should no longer be worn.

In spite of all the precautions that you might take with shoes and stockings, the design of modern shoes makes some deformity inevitable. If, however, for a growing boy or girl the pointed-toe styles are avoided, and, for girls, the change to high heels is postponed as long as possible, deformity to the feet will be kept at a minimum.

When it comes to considering the deforming styles in women's shoes, some doctors throw up their hands in despair. But you must remember that the ready-to-wear clothing industry is only 80 years old. For many centuries the only people who could dress in the height of fashion were the rich.

When the invention of modern shoe machinery made it possible for women of the middle and lower-income classes to be shod like the women of wealth, they seized the opportunity. Shop girls and housewives all wore the high-heeled pointed shoes of the women of leisure.

The tiny, useless feet which were considered a mark of distinction by former generations are now, however, considered freaks. Today, girls are not ashamed to wear flat shoes. After another few decades, feet may no longer be grossly deformed.

Housewives should do their daily chores barefoot or in cloth scuffs. Wearing high-heeled shoes occasionally can do no harm, but on a shopping expedition, for example, wearing fashionable shoes is a mistake. Women who work in offices often wear fashionable shoes to and from work but change to flat slippers in the office.

Nearly all men's shoes of a good grade are stylishly pointed. The few shoes that are available in the broader-toed designs seem to have arch-support features which destroy any value a broad-toed shoe might have. Until men demand better shoes, the manufacturers will use their present lasts and dies.

I have developed a nondeforming shoe for children. It has no heel

elevation and is twice as wide through the toes as in the heel, the dimensions required by a normal foot. The sole fans out from the heel in two straight lines. Since it has no heel, the shoe does not need an inflexible bridging shank. The toe area of the shoe broadens out so the toes can spread within the shoe. The front of the shoe is like the natural shape of the child's toes, making it possible for his foot to grow unconstricted to the very end of the shoe. There are no stiff counters in the heel, because the counters in ordinary shoes prevent a shoe from fitting firmly around the heel, the one place that a shoe should fit well. There are no arches nor any other supporting devices in this shoe, since for a growing child a shoe should act as a spacious covering for the foot and nothing more.

The one objection mothers have to such a shoe is that it looks different. They are so accustomed to seeing a pointed shoe that a shoe the width of a child's foot appears strange.

The style in adult shoes will some day change to make it possible for people to wear a nondeforming shoe and still be fashionably dressed. For infants and children, where present style sacrifices health, nondeforming shoes should be adopted without delay.



SHE has the highest heels and lowest intelligence known to science.

Barry Pain quoted in Alfred Noyes' *Two Worlds For Memory*.

Relax and Live

*Any big job can be broken
down to many little jobs—
each one easy in itself*

By JOSEPH A. KENNEDY

Condensed from the book*

WHY is it that you always think of the snappy comeback to an insulting or clever remark at a party only on the way home? When you aren't trying, the perfect reply pops into your mind.

We have all had the experience of trying hard to remember a name or address. It eludes us until we give up our conscious efforts. Then it comes to us. The same thing happens when a radio or TV-quiz contestant freezes up. He misses the answer to a question that would be easy for him if he were sitting relaxed in his own living room.

Relaxation is the key to nearly all achievement. Excess tension in the human body brings on unskilled performance, lack of proper mental control, and waste of energy.

Being in a hurry not only makes you tense and upsets your physical

mechanism but most of the time it actually slows you down.

Gil Dodds, the famous miler, and holder of many world's records, has said that one of the reasons he was successful was that he never hurried, never pushed himself. It was well known that he said a prayer before each race and many people wished to know what it was he prayed for. Dodds said that he never prayed for victory or even for more speed. Instead, he prayed that he would not be tempted to hurry in an attempt to beat some other runner.

Dodds maintained that he had his own pace or rhythm, and that he ran best when he maintained it. Hurry, pressure, and the attempt to make himself run faster than his pace broke his rhythm, and caused him to make poorer time. In one important race he was ahead but could not resist the temptation to hurry. The result was that he broke his rhythm, lost his stride, and saw the other runner pass him.

The refusal to hurry did not interfere with Dodds' determination to run as fast as he could, nor to get as much out of his body as was possible. But when he was running as fast as he could, he did not feel that he ought to be running faster to make sure of victory.

He was content to do his best and not worry about whether that was good enough. This realistic

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attitude enabled Dodds to set many track records.

Albert Tangora was for many years the world's champion typist. He increased his speed by slow-down practice. Tangora said that every time he reached a plateau of typing speed where he seemed to be stalled, he would practice for two weeks typing at about half his best speed. At the end of these two weeks of slow-down practice, he let himself out again, and always found that his speed had increased.

Instead of pressing, hurrying, and trying to force speed, Tangora did just the opposite. He forced himself to practice typing slowly. This slow practice enabled his subconscious to learn typing better. He perfected the link between mental imagery and muscular doing. Effort and strain always inhibit learning; relaxation aids learning.

Tangora had such remarkable success with this slow-down practice in typing that he tried it in shaving, dressing, and other everyday tasks. After two weeks of deliberately shaving slowly, he found that his shaving time was reduced by almost half when he once again let himself out. When you are tempted to hurry, or if you get a feeling of pressure when you perform some job, try this slow-down practice. Try slow-down practice in all your activities. There is no better technique for learning rhythmic relaxation.

When you are thinking about

your work, break it up into small parts and cope with the parts one by one. Writing this book could easily have become a tension-making situation. But I made up my mind that I was not writing a book. I will never write a book. I will write only one page. When that is finished, I shall write another page.

There is no job or task that this principle cannot be applied to. If you have a sinkful of dishes to wash, say to yourself, "I am going to wash just one dish. I know I can wash one dish without any effort or strain," and proceed to wash that one dish as if it were all in the world you had to do. It is all in the world you have to do at that moment.

I have told typists who tensed up automatically whenever they began to type a letter, "Say to yourself, 'I am going to put a piece of paper in the typewriter.' Think only of getting the paper in the machine. Then say to yourself, 'I am going to type in the date,' and proceed to do it without hurry, effort or strain. Then say to yourself, 'Now I am going to type in the name and address,' and proceed through the whole letter in this fashion."

I have also recommended that some typists break down the job even further and have for their goal, or area of effort, the striking of but one key, and then to set up another area of effort which

includes the striking of only one more key.

If any bosses who are reading this think I am suggesting that their typists should do less work, let me point out that this method has been tried and has increased production as much as 25%. Not only will your typist get out more letters in the course of a day, but she'll feel better, will be easier to get along with, and won't miss as much time from work recovering from the eyestrain and sick headache caused by tension.

Remember, it was by a slow-down relaxing technique that Albert Tangora became the world's champion typist.

Life is not a 100-yard dash, but more in the nature of a cross-country run. If we sprint all the time, we not only fail to win the race, but we never last even long enough to reach the finish line.

Limit your area of effort on the jobs you want to get done. Don't say, "Some day I am going to clean out that old attic." Instead, say, and mean it, "I have a little time, and I think I will take a few things out of the attic." If all you intend to do is to "take a few things out of the attic," you'll find that you have the necessary will and appetite for it. It may well happen that once you get warmed up you'll extend your area of effort because you want to, and end up by cleaning the whole attic, but don't count on it.

Many persons feel hurried because they think there just isn't enough time. The first hour in the day nearly always sets the tempo for the entire day. If you start the day a little behind time it is very likely that you will never catch up. Much of the sense of hurry and pressure could be eliminated by waking up 15 minutes earlier.

This extra time will help to make the whole day calm and unhurried, and will do your nerves much more good than the additional sleep would. Anything you might gain from the extra sleep will be offset by the sense of pressure you will have all day because you started tense. Go through the day a few minutes late and your nerves are on edge all day; go through the day a few minutes ahead of time, and you can relax.

When you have an appointment, don't wait until the last moment to get started. If you're delayed in traffic, you'll be so nervous when you arrive that you'll undoubtedly make a mess of things. It doesn't help you to make a good impression on the other fellow if you have to start out with an apology for being late. This puts you at an immediate disadvantage.

The French scientist, Fehr, once said that fully 90% of scientists' creative ideas came to them in idle moments. These creative ideas never come when you are feeling harassed, hurried, or tense. Relax and live!

Helping the Former Prisoner

The techniques of Alcoholics Anonymous are applied in another field

By ED CONY

Condensed from *The Sign**

IT WAS a cold March night in San Francisco. The wind swept up Mission St. in gusts. But the man who turned off the street and came into the small office was warm. His face was covered with perspiration. Bill Frey looked up from his desk. The man thrust into his hands something wrapped in a handkerchief, and without a word turned on his heel and disappeared into the night.

Bill unfolded the handkerchief, and there in his palm lay a .38 caliber automatic, fully loaded.

Bill Frey is a law-abiding citizen. He was given the gun because he is assistant executive secretary of the San Francisco St. Vincent de Paul society.

The society employs seven parolees in their warehouse and repair shop at all times. These men are fresh from prison—nine-tenths of them from San Quentin. "The parolee makes just one promise," Edward L. Wren, executive secretary, says. "If he decides to go the other way, he'll let us know."

Each parolee has Bill Frey's



phone number. He agrees to call Bill at any time of day or night when he's tempted to commit a crime. In turn, Bill agrees to talk to the man, to help him over the rough spot, but not to interfere otherwise. He averages a phone call a week, usually at night, when criminal temptations run highest.

How about the man with the gun? He had been paroled about six months before from San Quentin, where he had served a term for armed robbery. A few hours before he walked in on Bill he had split up with his girl. He had gone as far as to steal a gun, and was actually on his way down Market St. to rob a store when he remembered his promise.

He stopped in his tracks, turned, and made for the office where he knew Bill could be found on that particular spring evening. It was two days later when he came back

*Monastery Place, Union City, N. J. May, 1953. Copyright 1953 by the Passionist Missions, Inc., and reprinted with permission.

to tell Bill how close he came to breaking his promise.

Today this ex-convict has a high-paying job, is married, and is the proud father of a young daughter.

Does the society have such success with all parolees? Well, no. Last year, however, they took 95 parolees from California prisons. Only three are back in, an amazingly low percentage.

Ed Wren is a realist about such men. "All parolees are not the same. Some are the skid-row itinerants. Others are fellows like you and me who made a mistake."

The job in the society's warehouse at \$5 a day is a temporary one until a permanent job can be found. Ed explains, "The low pay acts as a prod to get the men out on their own." He adds quickly, "But they are never to go without a meal. We make that clear. We will always give them money for food or for other emergencies." The society also gives each man \$50 worth of clothes when he arrives from prison.

The society's workers report that all parolees are suspicious of everything done for them. They always question the motive. Theirs is the attitude of, "What's in it for you?" It takes time to break down this suspicion.

Here's one way Bill Frey goes about it. He never "just drops in" on a parolee at his hotel lodging. "I always make an appointment," he says. "You don't want them to

think you are looking for a wine bottle on the floor. You try to allay their fear of parole officers."

On the other hand, the society tries to avoid being overprotective. Ed Wren says, "We make it plain to each that it's a 50-50 deal, that he has to do his part."

Perhaps the outstanding thing the society does for the parolees, in addition to helping them over the first rocky days, is to find them permanent employment. Gradually the society has collected a group of employers in the San Francisco area who will hire such men.

A contractor in the region is always willing to hire parolees as laborers, or as apprentices if they show interest in learning a trade. During recent labor troubles, when the men were idle, this employer continued to pay parolees their wages, so that they wouldn't be tempted to resort to criminal methods of getting money to live on.

A local candy firm, run by persons of Spanish descent, takes on just about all the Spanish-speaking parolees the society has. Ed Wren suspects that they hire the men whether they need them or not.

Many employers are afraid to hire ex-convicts. But if the society's experience means anything, they need not be. The men placed by the society have been loyal to the companies that hired them and, according to the society staff, have "never harmed any employer in any way."

The Most Liked Religion

*The 17th in a series of articles on the CATHOLIC DIGEST
Survey of Religion in the U.S.*

“So you belong to that religious denomination? I like the things it stands for and would like to know more about it.”

A point often overlooked in discussions about religion is that members of one religious group frequently like a religious denomination other than their own. The CATHOLIC DIGEST survey tried to find out about this matter by asking the following question: “Which denomination (next to your own) do you like best?”

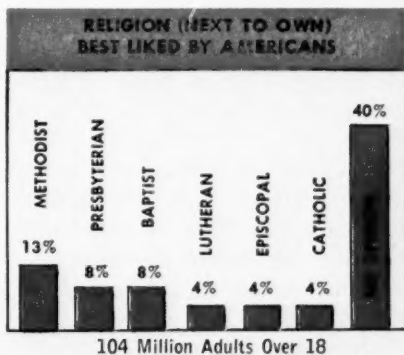
Let us notice first that 40% of Americans 18 years of age and over have no opinion on this question. Many in this group undoubtedly considered their religious beliefs so important that they simply had no second choice. Others may have abstained from answering because they did not consider themselves sufficiently informed. Whatever the reason, 71% of Jews, 64% of the Catholics, and 29% of the Protestants express no opinion on this question. Contrary to Jews and Catholics, a large percentage of Protestants do have a second choice.

In considering those who do express a second choice, let us keep

in mind the number of Jews, Catholics, and Protestants the percentages represent. Twenty-nine per cent, or a little over a million, of the 3½ million Jews give a second preference. The number of Catholics represented by 36% is about 8½ million. Seventy-one per cent of the Protestants adds up to more than 50 million. The total for the three is about 60 million. To this total should be added the 46% of those who have some other religion or none at all, an additional 2½ million.

Which religious groups are given second preference by these 62½ million adult Americans?

The Methodist denomination is



so preferred by 13% of all adult Americans or, in round numbers, by about 13½ million persons. You should bear in mind that the Methodists themselves number about 16½ million. The number of those who like Methodism as their second choice comes close to equaling the number of Methodists themselves.

Among whom are Methodists most popular? About a third of the Baptists list Methodism as the denomination they like best after their own. This accounts for about 6 million people, or nearly half the total choosing Methodism. Add to this about a quarter of the Presbyterians, over 1½ million; 16% of the Lutherans, about 1¼ million; and 14% of the Episcopalians, nearly half a million; and you have the bulk of the preference for Methodism as a second choice.

The Presbyterian and Baptist denominations are tied for second place with 8%. Each is liked second best by more than 8 million adult Americans.

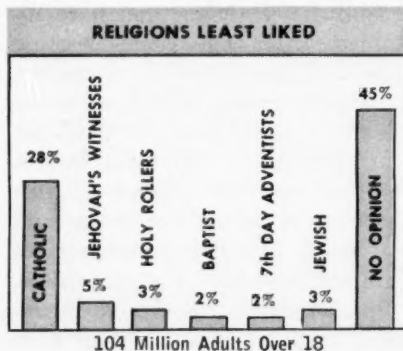
The Presbyterian denomination gains its largest support from the Methodists, 17% of them, or nearly 3 million, followed by 12% of the Baptists, a little over 2 million. The Baptist denomination gains its largest support from the Methodists, of whom 19%, or over 3 million, list the Baptist denomination as their second choice (compared with 6 million Baptists who chose Methodism). The next largest sup-

port for the Baptist denomination comes from the 850,000 Presbyterians. The Methodists, Presbyterians, and Baptists thus like each other quite well, and the mutual exchange of preference among them explains their appearing at the top of the list.

Lutheranism, Episcopalianism, and Catholicism are tied in third place, each having 4% of all adult Americans preferring them as second choice. This means that each of them is favored by more than 4 million persons.

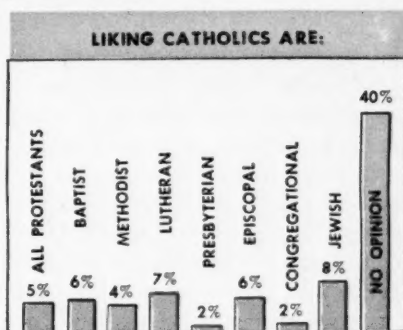
It does not seem to be merely coincidental that these three are approximately even in position. Both Lutheranism and Episcopalianism are selected as second choices by the same percentage of Catholics, 7%. More than 1½ million Catholics place Lutheranism next after Catholicism, and the same number, Episcopalianism.

At the same time, Catholicism is chosen by half a million Lutherans, or 7% of Lutherans, the same per-



centage as that of Catholics who name Lutheranism. Nearly 200,000 Episcopalians, or 6% of them, make the same choice. The similar percentages of preferences among these groups for each other seems to be the main reason for their sameness of ranking. In general, each gains its largest support from the other two, just as the Methodists, Presbyterians, and Baptists generally gain their largest support from each other. However, it should be noted that 6% of Baptists, more than a million, like Catholicism next best, as do 4% of Methodists, or 600,000.

There are several striking features to notice about the 4 million and more non-Catholics who show a strong liking for Catholicism. It is not surprising to find strong likes among different Protestant denominations for each other since Protestantism in general stresses individual differences and preferences, and often promotes interfaith worship. Catholicism, however, is distinctly apart from all Protestant groups in doctrine and teaching, and hence is not likely to be named as a second choice. Moreover, while Catholicism does not ignore individual differences, it puts its emphasis on unity of doctrine, maintaining that its mission is to preserve the entirety of Christian revelation. Nevertheless, despite a well-known intransigence about faith and morals, or perhaps because of it, more than 4 million



adult non-Catholics are strongly disposed toward it.

Another interesting feature about the choice of Catholicism is the support shown by Jews. In general, Jews express no opinion on this question; nearly three-fourths of all Jews have no second choice. Of the approximate million Jews who do express a choice, nearly 300,000, or 8% of all Jews, name Catholicism as the religion they like best next to their own. No other religious group received over 1% support from Jews.

The Negroes also show strong interest in Catholicism as a second choice. Of the more than 10 million adult Negroes in the country, 1¼ million, or 12%, like Catholicism next best after their own religious denomination. The same number of Negroes name the Baptist denomination as a second choice and 23% of Negroes choose Methodism, but these statistics are not surprising since the overwhelming majority of Negroes are Baptist or Methodist. Only 8% of adult Ne-

groes, or about 825,000, are Catholic, however. The number of Negroes who select Catholicism as their second choice is 50% more than the Negroes who are Catholic.

In order to have as accurate a picture of religious preference as possible, the CATHOLIC DIGEST survey considered the question of religious preference from an opposite point of view. It sought to find out whether people find little or nothing favorable about this or that religion, and worded the question in the following way: "Which denomination would you like least to belong to?"

Let us notice first, as with the other question, that a large percentage express no opinion. Nearly half of all adult Americans (45%) do not specify any denomination they would like least to belong to. Among those who express no opinion are 72% of the Jews, the largest percentage of any religious group.

Two-thirds of all the Catholics likewise have no opinion on this matter. A little more than one-third of the Protestants do not name any denomination they would like least to belong to.

The breakdown of the no-opinion answers according to region confirms the breakdown according to religion. The greatest concentration of Jews and Catholics is in New England* and the Middle Atlantic States,† and these two regions have the highest percentage of those ex-

pressing no opinion, 63% and 57%, respectively. The regions having the least percentage of no opinion answers are West North Central,‡ 26%, West South Central,** 29%, and East South Central,†† 30%, all of which are predominantly Protestant.

A similar confirmation is noted in the two extremes according to city size. Jews and Catholics are largely in cities, and in cities of a million or over, 61% have no opinion on this question, whereas in the rural areas, where there are relatively few Catholics and Jews, only 35% have no opinion. Whatever the reason, and perhaps the reason is that for them there is only one religion, Jews and Catholics are much less inclined to state an opinion on this question than Protestants. The survey shows that 28% of all adult Americans, or 28 million, say that they would like least to belong to Catholicism. This is an extremely high percentage for a question of this type and certainly reflects a very widespread attitude.

The significance of the percentage is underlined by the fact that the next choice, the Jehovah's Witnesses, drops way down to 5%, followed by 3% for the Holy Rollers, 2% for the Baptists and 2% for the Seventh Day Adventists. The

*Maine, N.H., Vt., Mass., Conn., R.I.

†N. Y., N. J., Pa.

‡Minn., Iowa, Mo., Kan., N. D., S. D., Neb.

**Ark., La., Okla., Texas

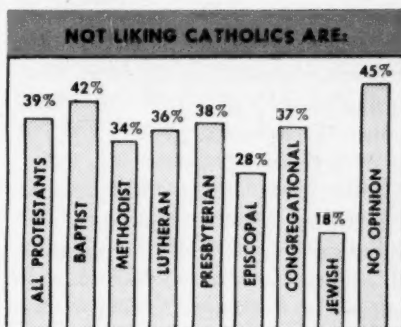
††Ky., Tenn., Ala., Miss.

Jewish religion is named by 3% of adult Americans.

The statistics show clearly that a significantly large percentage of non-Catholic Americans find little or nothing to incline them to want to belong to Catholicism. The statistics, of course, merely record the expression of opinion on the matter without revealing reasons for making the choice. The reasons may range from lack of knowledge and indifference to positive dislike. The conclusion is inescapable, nevertheless, that Catholicism appears in an unfavorable light to a large number of Americans. A comparison of this question with the preceding one underlines this conclusion. Whereas 4% of adult Americans, or 4 million, like Catholicism as a second choice, 28%, or 29 million, would like least to belong to Catholicism.

The general average of Protestants on this question is 39%, 11% more than the national average. Among Protestants, the Baptists have the largest percentage of those who would like least to belong to Catholicism. Over 7½ million of 18 million adult Baptists, or 42% of the total, give this answer. This is about 25% of all those who say they would like least to belong to Catholicism.

The next three religious groups with highest percentages are the Presbyterian with 38%, nearly 2¼ million, the Congregationalist with 37%, about 600,000, and the Luth-



eran with 36%, or 2¾ million. The Methodists follow with 34%, but their large number makes this a total of 5½ million. Adding these groups together accounts for about 70% of those who say that Catholicism is the religion they would like least to belong to.

Other statistics help to fill out the picture. What group, for example, has the least percentage naming Catholicism? The smallest percentage of any group is that of the Negroes, among whom 14% say that they would like least to belong to Catholicism. This is still a sizeable percentage. Nevertheless, consider that 8% of Negroes are Catholic and hence not included in this percentage; also that of the 92% remaining, 87% are Protestant.

It is evident that with the Negroes it is not their overwhelming Protestant preference that seems to incline them to regard Catholicism unfavorably. Perhaps the Negroes, sensitive to unfavorable judgment of any kind, shy away from expressing any unfavorable religious

judgment as well. Nearly half of all Negroes express no opinion on this question. Apparently the Jews react similarly, as only 18% of them name Catholicism, and 72% of them give no opinion at all.

What group in the entire list has the largest percentage naming Catholicism? Over half the farmers, 51%, say they would like least to belong to Catholicism. The explanation for this unusually large percentage may lie in the fact that Catholics are not numerous in rural areas, and hence there is a widespread lack of acquaintance with Catholics and Catholicism. Farmers have next to the largest percentage of those giving an opinion on this question, 73%, exceeded only by the 74% of those in the West North Central Region, an area predominantly agricultural. Seventy-three out of every 100 farmers name some religion they would like least to belong to, and 51 of them name Catholicism. The Catholic Rural Life movement certainly has an important job to perform for the Catholic Church.

From the standpoint of good relations among citizens, it is a deplorable fact that 28% of adult Americans regard Catholicism in a more or less unfavorable light. Can anything be suggested by way of explanation and remedy?

No doubt the strict teaching of the Church on matters concerning faith and morals invites some non-Catholics to react unfavorably, al-

though non-Catholics should respect the right of Catholics to hold their religious beliefs if they are presented both objectively and sincerely.

Catholics themselves should examine their conduct to see if they offend their non-Catholic neighbors. On the one hand, some Catholics tend to force their religious tenets upon their non-Catholic neighbors. On the other, as the survey in the JUNE CATHOLIC DIGEST revealed, most Catholics fail to seize opportunities to explain objectively just what Catholicism is and why it takes the positions it does, and thus miss chances to clear up misunderstanding and suspicion.

There are also some Catholics who, by bad example, throw discredit on the teaching and doctrine of the Church. It is evident that from the standpoint of good public relations Catholicism, for whatever reason, is not showing up well.

Protestants may well ask themselves if their more or less unfavorable regard for Catholicism is based on knowledge rather than on emotion or suspicion. Catholics, for example, observe the promotion and publicity given to someone like Paul Blanshard, or an organization like the *POAU*, whose chief aim is to set Protestants and Catholics against each other by caricaturing the teaching and doctrine of Catholicism.

Catholics rather naturally come to suppose that a significant number

of Protestants not only condone but approve such tactics. Catholics are puzzled, too, by the fact that whereas it is rare for Protestantism to be mentioned at a Catholic service, and rarer still to be attacked, it is quite ordinary for Catholicism to be attacked in a Protestant church.

Religious difference and disagreement is perhaps inevitable. But positive dislike and attack is not a necessary consequence, especially for those who prize religion highly. There is no doubt that both Protestants and Catholics have contrib-

uted to religious ill-feeling in this country. The excesses on either side should not be exploited.

The National Conference of Christians and Jews is a positive step toward combating religious ill-feeling in this country, and is deserving of support much more than organizations created to foster attacks on any religious organization. Jews, Protestants, Catholics, and all Americans, have the obligation to respect sincere religious beliefs of all citizens and to defend that right of conscience for each person.



Why Horse Players Die Broke

Citation has been hailed by many turf experts as the greatest of great race horses. By the time of his retirement, a little over a year ago, he had established an all-time record for winnings, having earned for his owner, Warren Wright, \$1,085,750. Yet, strangely enough, his record is the best possible proof that only horses beat horses.

Citation won 31 out of 43 starts. If you had bet \$2 on him in each of his races, you would have invested \$86. Based on the parimutuel odds on Old Cy in each of his races, you would have won back \$99.50 for a profit of \$13.50.

Eighty-six dollars deposited in your company credit union would earn you \$14.59 in the same length of time it took Citation to earn \$13.50 for his backers.

James Hughes in *Your Life* (April '53).



Why Fishermen Hate Fisherwomen

Ed Ryan's eight-year-old daughter Sheila just couldn't get interested in fishing. After dangling her pole in the water for 20 fruitless minutes, she quit in disgust. "This isn't any fun at all," she declared. "I just can't seem to get waited on."

Alcoa Crucible (Feb. '53).



John Clayton took his girl friend Kate fishing for the first time. They had had their lines in the water for about ten minutes when she suddenly asked, "How much did that red and green thing on my line cost?"

"You mean the float? Oh, about a quarter, I guess," Clayton said.

"Then I owe you 25¢," said Kate. "Mine just sank."

Raymond C. Otto.

Cook for Mom and Pop

Pictures prepare the menu

By ROBERT H. LOEB, JR.

Condensed from "Date Bait"*

MOM AND POP are usually your best friends. But it's sometimes too easy to take them for granted. When their birthdays and anniversaries come around, you give them ties or stockings and stuff like that. And for Mother's day or Father's day, some perfume or tobacco, and you've done your duty.

But to give that real sign of attention and affection, that real lov-

ing touch, there's nothing like surprising them with a birthday cake, baked by yourself, or a brunch or even an entire supper.

And for some real solid parental persuasion, you can't beat something like this procedure.

The day before, you were told that pop had to use the car Saturday afternoon, so the answer was No. But Saturday, in the early A.M., you steal into the kitchen, whip up

Momlette

ingredients:



procedures:



1. divides



2. beat till stiff



3. pour-cook till stiff-low flame



4. then broil top tans



5. bring to boil ONLY



6. mix well



7. onto warm platter and sprinkle



8. put



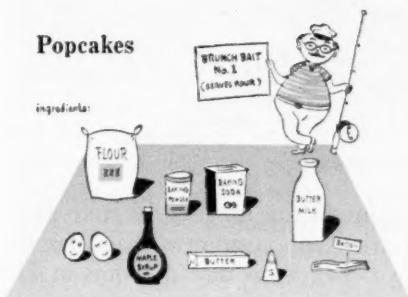
9. fold up-sprinkle-same pronto

*Copyright 1952 by Wilcox & Follett Co., Chicago, Ill., and reprinted with permission.

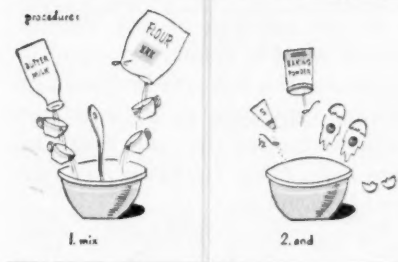
107 pp. \$2.95.

Popcakes

ingredients:



procedures:



a breakfast that's extra special, and watch.

Mom and pop stumble into the kitchen later, resigned to preparing breakfast as usual. They sniff the bewitching odors and find that their loving daughter has been slaving in the wee hours of the morning over a hot stove and has even set the table.

"Why, Effie May," mom says, her eyes dewy with delight and surprise, "what ever in the world made you do it?"

And Effie May (that's you) says, in tones ever so modest and with a toss of her pretty curls (is that you?), "Why, it's just nothing at all, mater and pater, nothing at all."

That's all. Then she waits—and she waits—until the psychological moment. But then—she pounces—just after the bait's been swallowed. Papa has taken his second mouthful and grunted low and deep with delight.

"Oh, daddicums, couldn't I just have the car for a few hours this afternoon?" and so forth.

Is there a parent so hard and stony who could refuse? Not once the bait has been swallowed, believe me.

So, for a real lesson in parental baiting, let's go through this picture gallery on how to prepare this luring deep-sea fodder—and modder.

Conrad Hilton

Hotel tycoon kneels at the top of his industry

By BETTY JEAN JEFFRIES

CONRAD HILTON is a millionaire with a belated devotion to his Catholic religion. He was the man who paid for that full spread in every leading magazine in the country containing a figure of Uncle Sam kneeling before God—full page and in color. It cost money; it didn't make any. More than 200,000 persons who requested copies got them free.

Conrad Hilton is sincerely leading a drive among today's businessmen to return to God. *America On Its Knees* is his campaign. The story of the prayer is the story of Hilton himself. It's both fabulous and basically American.

His father, August, a Norwegian immigrant, started with a jug of whisky, and traded himself into a general store, a livery stable, a coal mine, and finally one of the richest incomes in his territory.

Connie Hilton was born 66 years ago on Christmas in the small town of San Antonio, N. Mex. He was the second of eight children. He was baptized a Catholic. He spent his childhood in various military and private schools. In 1907 the country suffered a financial panic, and August lost his money. The Hiltons took in boarders. Every

midnight Connie met the train and carried the customers' bags home to father, who rented rooms at \$1 a night.

At the outbreak of war, Connie joined up. He spent two years in the army. His last year he lived and worked in Paris as a lieutenant. Paris performed the same magic on him as on other young men of hayseed beginnings.

New Mexico looked mighty small when he got back. He went to Cisco, Texas, to buy a bank. He had opened a bank in San Antonio, N. Mex., before the war and it had done fairly well. Cisco was in the middle of an oil boom, and money was pouring into the town. A bank seemed a good investment, to put it mildly.

He found that he couldn't finance the purchase of the bank, but he could buy a hotel. It was a broken-down building doing a land-office business furnishing beds to weary oilers.

"The Mobley," Hilton says, "was not so much a hotel as a flophouse. The day we didn't have a three-occupant turnover on the beds was a bad day."

The flophouse showed \$3,000 profit after one month's ownership,

so Connie decided to "freckle Texas with Hilton hotels." From Cisco and the Mobley to New York and the Waldorf was a matter of some 20 years and many ups and downs. There was also a sprinkling of friends and their money, a dash of taking risks, a handful of luck, and a pinch of mistakes from which he learned. Besides, as one

The Prayer

OUR FATHER IN HEAVEN:

We pray that you save us from ourselves.

The world that you have made for us, to live in peace, we have made into an armed camp.

We live in fear of war to come.

We are afraid of the terror that flies by night and the arrow that flies by day, the pestilence that walks in darkness and the destruction that wastes at noonday.

We have turned from you to go our selfish way.

We have broken YOUR commandments and denied YOUR truth.

We have left YOUR altars to serve the false gods of money and pleasure and power.

FORGIVE US AND HELP US.

Now darkness gathers around us and we are confused in all our counsels.

Losing faith in you, we lose faith in ourselves.

Inspire us with wisdom, all of us of every color, race, and creed, to use our wealth, our strength to help our brother, instead of destroying him. Help us to do YOUR will as it is done in Heaven and to be worthy of YOUR promise of peace on earth.

Fill us with new faith, new strength, and new courage, that we may win the Battle for Peace.

Be swift to save us, dear God, before the darkness falls.

(For copies of the prayer, write Richard White, Advertising Dept., Conrad Hilton hotel, Chicago, Ill.)



of his general managers recently remarked, "Hilton is a genius. He picks the right man for the right job, and lets him do it!"

In 1949 Hilton bought the Waldorf. Today he plans a string of hotels around the world. In 1951 he began his nation-wide campaign to put God back into American thought.

In the last two years he has spoken often and at great length before colleges, clubs, and industry and government groups, without once mentioning hotels. His message has always been a religious one: prayer as the avenue to peace. Most of his speeches have been carried by nation-wide hookups. So impressed have our government leaders been by a capitalist giving time and money to spiritual promotion that Radio Free Europe carries many of his talks beyond the Iron Curtain. The State Department has used Hilton speeches. One is now in translation for broadcast to India.

"When the commies start portraying American millionaires wiping their feet on downtrodden masses," states one diplomatic officer, "we quote them a little Hilton. You'd be surprised at the amount of good that man does!"

Last June, Connie received an honorary degree from the University of Detroit, which is run by the Jesuits. He was also the commencement speaker. Hilton's address was carried coast to coast by CBS.

Connie is better known to gossip columnists than to religious gatherings. Brought up a Catholic, he left the Church at the time of his second marriage, to Hungarian-born Zsa Zsa Gabor. Four years later they were divorced. Soon after, he made his peace with Rome and was received back into his faith. Since then he has been a regular attendant at Mass and a practicing Catholic. His speeches for the last two years have been read by a close friend, a California priest, before being delivered. Anxious not to go beyond the line of the Church's teaching, he follows the priest's suggestions and advice closely.

"I want a prayer that people can say no matter what their religion," said Hilton one day to Fulton Oursler. Shortly before his death Oursler wrote just the prayer. Connie put it into a speech he delivered in Chicago on May 7, 1952. The speech was called *The Battle for Peace*.

The response was terrific. Mail poured in. It was so overwhelming that he decided to make the prayer available to every person in the country. There was only one way to do it: through nationally circulated and read magazines. On July 4, 1952, a full-page ad appeared on the stands in the *Saturday Evening Post*, *Time*, *Life*, and *Newsweek*. It was headed, "*America On Its Knees . . .* Not beaten there by the hammer and sickle, but Freely, Intelligently, Responsibly, Confident-

ly, Powerfully, America now knows it can destroy communism and win the battle for peace. We need fear nothing or no one . . . except God."

Underneath was the figure of Uncle Sam, his hands clasped, raised in prayer to the Creator. No matter what the religious faith, no matter what the particular belief of a particular individual, Uncle Sam represented every American on his knees before God.

His message is for all Americans. It is not limited to one faith just as his country is not limited to one race.

"It is only by working, all of us together, by praying, all of us together, just as it was set up in the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution," he says, "that we shall achieve not only victory for our way of life but peace in the only way we would and can have it: under God."

The short prayer itself is a most fitting tribute not only to the man who asked for it, not only to the man who wrote it, but to the people who believe in its sentiments and who are offering it up to God in increasing numbers.



Scripture Cake

To make Scripture cake, take 1 cup of Jeremiah 6:20, one cup each of Judges 5:25; add a pinch of Leviticus 2:13; then take 1 cup of I Kings 30:12; add II Paralipomenon 9:9 to taste; then to 1 tsp. of Amos 4:5, add 4½ cups of III Kings 4:22; and do as Jeremiah 7:18.

Mrs. George Marpe in *St. Paul Dispatch* (18 June '53).



Johnny Cake

Light oven; get out utensils and ingredients. Remove blocks and toys from table. Grease pan; crack nuts. Measure 2 cups flour; remove Johnny's hands from flour; wash flour off Johnny. Remeasure flour.

Put flour, baking powder, salt in sifter. Get dustpan; brush up pieces of bowl Johnny knocked on floor. Get another bowl. Answer doorbell.

Return to kitchen. Remove Johnny's hands from bowl. Wash Johnny. Answer phone. Return. Remove ¼-inch salt from greased pan. Look for Johnny. Grease another pan. Answer telephone.

Return to kitchen and find Johnny. Remove his hands from bowl. Take up greased pan and find layer of nutshells in it. Head for Johnny, who flees, knocking bowl off table.

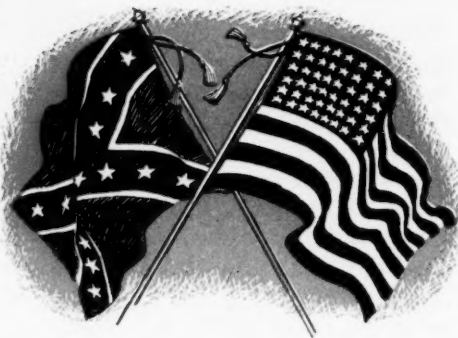
Wash kitchen floor, table, walls, dishes. Call baker. Lie down.

Annals of Good St. Anne de Beaupre (May '53).

*A Yankee wrote the tune
that became*

'Dixie,' the Song of the South

By EDGAR POE
Condensed from *Dixie**



FOLLOWING Japan's formal surrender Sept. 2, 1945, more than 100 Americans filled Tokyo's bomb-damaged Dai Achie hotel for supper. They were amazed when an Oriental orchestra struck up *Dixie*. With this triumphant burst of music, nearly everyone in the dining room rose to join in singing the chorus.

On Jan. 20, 1953, an estimated 750,000 persons occupying vantage points for the inaugural parade in Washington, D. C., heard a dozen promenading bands play *Dixie* as they tramped down Pennsylvania ave. That music was assumed to have a natural place in saluting President Dwight D. Eisenhower.

As bands tread through history, *Dixie* is heard everywhere, but perhaps only a handful of people know its history. Composed by a venerable Yankee minstrel, it long has been the piece associated with the South, because it tells of a Negro's longing for his Southern plantation and happiness.

Immortal today, the song was composed hurriedly on a Sabbath some 90 years ago. It was a time when the decisive issue was slavery. Times have changed, but *Dixie* still is one of the most stirring and beloved songs in the South, coming pretty close to being a national anthem.

Homage to the song's composer comes this year in the little city of Mount Vernon, Ohio, population 10,122. An Ohio sesquicentennial committee, along with the Buckeye State highway department, is working on markers at the main highway entrances to Mount Vernon. The text on each marker:

MOUNT VERNON
Corporation Limit
Daniel Decatur Emmett
Author of *Dixie*
Born and Buried Here

Emmett's ancestors were Virginians and Marylanders. They migrated first beyond the Blue

*Times-Picayune New Orleans States Roto Magazine, June 7, 1953. Copyright 1953 by the Times-Picayune Publishing Co., New Orleans, La.

Ridge mountains and again over the Alleghenies, finally settling in the heart of Ohio. Daniel, the oldest of four children, was born Oct. 29, 1815.

The young man had little education, but an ear for music. He learned to read and write while working in his father's blacksmith shop. His real education began as a printer's apprentice, and he practiced his trade on newspapers published in Norwalk and Mount Vernon, Ohio.

He served a stint in the army as a fifer. He is credited with having written a series of Negro melodies before he was 15. Then he joined a circus, and stayed with it for about 18 years.

After he became a member of the Bryant Brothers minstrels of New York, Emmett was asked to write a "Hurrah Walk Around" for Jerry Bryant. The order was issued on Saturday. Bryant needed it for Monday's rehearsal. In those days a "Walk Around" was a dance or part of a dance, presented on the stage by the entire cast. Customarily presented early in the performance, it usually was repeated as the show's finale.

On that cold, dreary Saturday in New York, Emmett picked up his violin and began work on the tune. "As he looked out into a comfortless street," says the *Ohio Archaeological and Historical Quarterly*, "he involuntarily repeated the expression familiar to showmen in

the winter time: 'I wish I was in Dixie Land.'"

Presented the first time on April 4, 1859, the song was an immediate success. Records show that stanzas were added from time to time until the melody had a score or more. This accounts for several different forms in which the song appeared. Some stanzas never were published.

In the presidential campaign the following year, Abraham Lincoln heard the music of *Dixie* with Republican words put to it. Lincoln was greatly pleased.

But it was in New Orleans early in 1861, with war clouds hanging heavily over the country, that *Dixie* skyrocketed to fame. The scene was the old Varieties theater. *Pocahontas* was the attraction.

Numerous songs were proposed, but none had proved entirely satisfactory for the grand chorus "that should arouse and stir the Southern blood." Then *Dixie* was tried and given the place of honor. Thunderous applause and cheers broke over the theater. One account says that seven encores were demanded in the midst of wild demonstrations of approval.

Dixie was sung and whistled in barbershops and along the river front, and downtown and uptown.

The song was regarded as public property for several years. Two or more versions were published. On April 6, 1872, Emmett wrote the editor of the New York *Clipper*: "I did not publish it until it became

common property and then not until it was issued by Mr. P. P. Werling (Werlein) of New Orleans. He published it in Mr. Peter's name; at the same time he wrote me a letter offering me \$5 for the copyright."

The glorious composition was played at the inauguration of Confederate President Jefferson Davis at Montgomery, Ala., and through the war years until Gen. Robert E.

Lee surrendered to Gen. Ulysses S. Grant at Appomattox in April, 1865.

The words chiseled on the massive block of red granite that marks Emmett's grave best tell the whole story of *Dixie*:

"Emmett, Daniel Decatur, 1815-1904, whose song, *Dixie Land*, inspired the courage and devotion of the Southern people and now thrills the hearts of a reunited nation."



Polish Rhapsody in Red

A PUBLIC PROCESSION was being organized in Red Poland, and Comrade Bejereck was appointed to carry the big picture of President Beirut at the head of the procession.

He tried his best to evade the job. "I am very superstitious," he told his leader. "In 1946, I was given the honor of carrying the picture of President Osubka. Where is he now? In prison. Later that year, I carried Marshal Zymierski. He's disappeared. In 1947, it was the picture of Comulka: I don't know whether he's still alive or not. In 1948, it was Spychalasky. In 1949, it was Piwowarczyk. Where are they all?"

"What a shame," his chief interrupted. "You a member of the Party and superstitious."

"Well, I'm getting rather old. But if you really want me to carry a banner, let me carry the picture of Malenkov just once." *Singapore Rally (April '53).*



A YOUNG Polish pioneer, a member of the communist youth movement, was trying to memorize a fable about a crow whom God had sent a piece of cheese. Suddenly the boy, remembering his antireligious teachings, realized there was a fallacy in the tale and quickly ran to his father.

"Papa," he cried, "look what it says here: 'God sent the crow a piece of cheese. But our teacher says there is no 'God.'"

"Is there," replied his father, "any cheese?"

Josephine Nemiroff in Pageant (June '53).



FLAGPOLE-SITTER Victor Reeves of England recently remained atop a pole for 30 days and then claimed to have broken the U. S. record for this feat. "Here is one record which so far *Pravda* hasn't claimed for Russia," a local newspaper commented, "even though the Russians have been sitting on Poles for years."

New York Times Magazine (6 Nov. '52).

God Is Listening at 12 O'clock

*There is a field of service to God in which
Catholics are being outdistanced*

By ROBERT C. BRODERICK

THE WHISTLE BLOWS the noon hour, and you relax. Machines stop. Beside you, Bill picks up a piece of waste, wipes his grimy fingers. Joe brushes the sweat from his eyes. Then you all begin to move away from the acrid smell of burned oil, the breathless foundry air. Swivel chairs are twisted around, backs straighten, workers are on the move to rest.

For thousands of these workers it is more than a rest for the body: it is a rest period for the soul. They move to the plant chapel; they kneel in prayer. Factories, foundries, oil refineries, advertising companies, newspaper offices across the country have introduced religion into the profit column for their workers and themselves.

Catholics have not been as active as Protestants, but in Racine, Wis., a priest is a member of the Labor council and aids in settling disputes. A priest walks the docks in New York, counseling and leading. In the new terminal plant of an interstate trucking firm outside Milwaukee, a priest is asked to come and bless men, the trucks, and building.

Such programs of religion in industry, started by employers or being urged by employees, are a solid, forward step. They are a manifestation of America. They anticipate the problems of other countries. They reverse the condition that exists in France, where priests find it necessary to disguise themselves as workers to go into factories and win back the fallen and godless. Here in the U.S., management welcomes the representatives of religion, finds a place for them, co-operates in their basic work.

The recognition of religion arises from the genuine concern of men of integrity in positions of management. It is a basic recognition of a prevalent looseness of morals among men who tire themselves working, and in their tired state are subjected to a wide variety of demoralizing influences. And it is, more than anything else, an effort to satisfy the native hunger of people for God.

What are these programs of religion? They may be grouped as four: 1. religiously motivated programs; 2. formal religious programs with services conducted by priests

or ministers; 3. reading and lecture programs, including Bible reading and suggested inspirational readings; 4. evangelizing programs and study-group work either in the factory or in an after-hours program.

Individuals, either among the workers or members of management, have initiated the programs. In some instances they began as the direct result of having invited students of theology into the plant to study the problems of workers at first hand. Often the programs reflect the religious affiliation of the majority. However, these are all nondenominational, and are a matter of free choice on the part of all who participate.

Among the religiously motivated programs is the work toward "understanding and brotherhood" which is undertaken by the National Conference of Christians and Jews. This is a discussion form of program which promotes fellowship, and seeks to reduce racial and religious tensions. It helps industry to realize that religion offers basic strength and is an important part of society. Combined with this is a wide selection of reading material which can be obtained with the imprint of the factory or industry name.

As a part of either the religiously motivated program or formal religion there is a growing emphasis upon "counseling" on the part of full-time or part-time chaplains. The first of these was the Le Tour-

neau Co., manufacturers of earth-moving equipment, who started a program in their Toccoa, Ga., plant more than ten years ago. Now at the four company plants, ministers conduct regular services and give spiritual counsel.

Revd. Dan Demmin, the assigned full-time chaplain of the Peoria, Ill., plant, and a welder before studying for the ministry, outlines his work by stating, "Among my many duties, I seek to call on all of our employees when they are ill or when there is a death in the family. We conduct chapel services which are held on company time, and, I might say, they are well attended, manifesting a real interest on the part of the employees. These services are not compulsory, and if the employee does not desire to attend, he is not required to work during that period, but rather may use it for rest."

Along this same line the Chaplain Counselors for Industry, Inc., of Newark, N. J., a nonprofit corporation, makes available to management a consulting service. The organization is selecting and training specialists in morale building, having for its program the bettering of relations between management and labor.

This particular project originated with Revd. A. Monteiro, pastor of St. Paul's Presbyterian church of Newark. He, while studying for the ministry, worked his way through school as a foundry employee and

conducted prayer services for fellow workers.

Now ten New Jersey factories, the Barnett Foundry Co., Atlas Foundry Co., Gould and Eberhardt Co., and Bierman-Everett Co., all of Irvington; the Calculograph Co. and Hewitt Foundry, of Harrison; Moore Bros. Co., of Elizabeth; the Cooper Alloy Stainless Steel Co., of Hillside; the Eastern Tool Manufacturing Co., of Belleville, and the American Concrete Pipe Co., of Union, all have devotional services or hold noon meetings twice a month in each plant. The Revd. Mr. Monteiro leads services in five plants, while other ministers serve the rest.

The appointment of chaplains to industry is an effort to supply on-the-job counsel and opportunity for prayer, satisfy a longing for Bible study, and in a more substantial way to bring the peace and assurance of religion to workers. It is a recognition that only individuals, not groups, become saints, and that our society, our government and enterprise are free institutions established upon the individual as the unit of effort. It is not a collective effort. All industry and government are only joint uses of means in our free system. Each individual is important, each is ministered to, and each has his native hunger for God and the spiritual satisfied to some degree.

Some 40 or more companies have appointed industrial chaplains.

THE board president of the National Association of Manufacturers, William J. Grede, when speaking before the 23rd NAM Institute of Industrial relations, stated, "Freedom, as we understand it in America, is not an economic discovery. It is not an invention of the National Association of Manufacturers. It is not even a political discovery. Freedom, in the last analysis, is a religious discovery."

These are too numerous to list but some of those having unique programs are as follows. The R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co. appointed Revd. C. H. Peace in September, 1949, as its company pastor-counselor. His work is not that of preaching or conducting formal prayer service.

In the main office building, No. 110 is on the door of his reception room, presided over by a "receptionist-secretary." Beyond her desk is his inner office for counsel work, and a chapel with cathedral-glass window depicting Christ in the Garden of Gethsemane on the back wall.

At Fieldcrest Mills of Spray, N. Car., a chaplain serves eight mills as counselor while aiding other ministers of the community with problems.

The Dearborn Stove Co. of Dallas, Texas, has Revd. J. Gordon Peterson as industrial chaplain. He conducts daily devotional services

and offers personal counseling to employees.

At the Sinclair Oil Refinery of Houston, Texas, there is a 30-minute lunch period and service combined. The employees gather in either Chapel 1, an old pipe house which has been furnished suitably by management, or Chapel 2, a redecorated former storage room. While the men lunch, the religious service proceeds with a Bible reading, a short sermon by a plant inspector who is also a preacher, then a brief prayer and the singing of a hymn. Similar services are held daily with a "minister-worker" at Shell Oil Refinery of Houston and the John Mitchell, Jr., Co. of Dallas, manufacturers of cotton gins. Several hundred employees of the Ford plant at Dearborn, Mich., gather once a week for prayer.

Other factories which hold weekly or daily prayer services, as reported by the National Association of Manufacturers and the Associated Press, are: The Norm Advertising Agency of New York City; the Dallas *Morning News* and the magazine *Guideposts* of New York City and Pawling, N. Y.; the Gerber Plumbing and Fixture Co., Plymouth, Ind.; the Link Belt Co., Indianapolis, Ind.; Wertham Bag Co., Nashville, Tenn.; and Stupakoff Ceramic Co., Latrobe, Pa. "From 80% to 90% of the Indianapolis Glove Co.'s several hundred employees attend a 25-minute service each Wednesday noon. In

Rochester, N. Y., more than 300 Catholic employees of Timely Clothes gather about a small altar every noon, while their Protestant and Jewish co-workers stand or sit in respectful silence at near-by machines."

Mr. Chas. R. Sligh, Jr., president of the National Manufacturers association, writing in the *NAM News* of May 20, 1953, tells of a chapel being built on the grounds of a California aircraft plant. It is being built by employees on their own time. "These employees volunteered wholeheartedly to do this construction work when Edmund T. Price, president of the Solar Aircraft Co., presented the idea of an all-faith chapel to them. The company is furnishing the materials for the chapel, which looks out over San Diego bay. The chapel was designed, without charge, by a well-known California architect." In the article Mr. Price is quoted as saying that the chapel will provide "a refuge of quiet in our busy, noisy lives," and that he feels "it will help make faith and inspiration more vital throughout the company."

Protestant activity in this field is much greater than Catholic activity. However, in Boston, Mass., at Logan International Airport, a modern Catholic chapel has been built. It is open 24 hours a day to worshipers of all faiths. It serves the more than 3,000 employees and the thousands of passengers who

use Logan airport. The chapel, dedicated to "Our Lady of the Airways," is circular in shape, with curved pews to seat 173 people. The airport's public-address system is piped into the chapel to alert passengers when planes are about to take off. Other large airports are considering similar chapels.

On Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays at noon a group of workers in the offices of Grand Central station go to a chapel railroad car on a siding of the station. There a preacher, who is a red-cap, holds an informal service together with a discussion on ways to apply Bible teachings to everyday living.

There is one further aspect of religion in industry that is gathering strength and followers. This centers around a reading program which is intended to educate and make more basic the understanding of religion. Mr. E. W. Beck of Akron, Ohio, has begun a directed Bible reading program. His leaflet, bearing the imprint of a factory or company, offers Bible citations for daily readings under the heading "Five Minutes a Day with Your Bible." Many companies, including the Weyerhaeuser Timber Co. of Tacoma, Wash., and the Gulf Insurance Co. of Jacksonville, Fla., have expressed interest and are supplying these reading lists to their employees.

General Motors Co., through its information racks, offers inspira-

tional reading material to its workers. These booklets are supplied from reprints of magazine articles, booklets of organizations, insurance companies and others. While the literature is inspirational rather than religious, strictly speaking, the objective is always better understanding and an expansion of charity. Besides General Motors, U.S. Steel, Hilton Hotels, Eastern Airlines, Kresge Stores, and the J. C. Penney Co., make such inspirational literature available to employees.

In view of the need, and apart from the ideal, a program of reading helps promote the fundamentals of our life. As Bernard Baruch pointed out, "Let us keep in mind that there are two kinds of material we can tap. One is pleasant and entertaining, the kind we instinctively want to read or hear or see; the second is the kind we *ought* to read and hear and see. Let us take that as a discipline."

It is this sense of discipline that makes for strength in the programs of religion as promoted and encouraged by industry. In time, these programs will influence the communities, homes, and lives of everybody. Religion, it has been learned, is not remote from and should not be separate from the working lives of individuals, for "work is worship and labor holy" when the understanding is true and principles direct man's works toward God.

BOOKS

NOYES: A FORTUNATE MAN

BY FRANCIS BEAUCHESNE THORNTON

Two Worlds for Memory, Alfred Noyes. (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co., 348 pp. Indexed. \$5.)

First-class autobiographies are rare. The constant warfare in the soul of the author between pose and truth, between good taste and bad taste—these can make or mar the story of a life. Good autobiography demands a certain objectiveness. The writer must be willing to examine himself without prejudice or undue favor, and he must be equally willing to set down for his public some record of his world. Too many modern autobiographies are trivial in content or are badly written; sometimes, too, a Freudian shadow falls across them as if to indicate that sex is all.

Alfred Noyes seems to have escaped most of these pitfalls in writing his *Two Worlds for Memory*. This story of his life is in many ways a remarkable achievement for a man partly blind and over 70 years old. It has a blitheness and a zest for living that would do credit to a young man in the flood tide of talent and life. The book completes and crowns the poetic and prose achievements of a man who seemed to be always growing in sensibility and richness.

A happy childhood such as

Noyes had is a good beginning; he was fortunate in his family and friends. His talent for musical verse declared itself early, and the polite world of Edwardian times was quick to recognize his gifts and quick to reward them with the full favor of the oligarchy.

Noyes' encounters with some of the literary giants of his time make really fascinating reading. His poet's feeling for phrases and words gives him enormous superiority in setting down a complete record of any event with all its native diversity of shading and contrast. The portraits of Wells, Walpole, and Gosse will be said by many to have a hint of the velvet claw about them. This idea will arise chiefly because these men were overpraised in their day. That Wells was too often a self-advertising charlatan can be seen by comparing most of his works, now as dated as a Victorian whatnot, with the niagara of molasses everywhere poured upon him in his lifetime. The unflattering pictures of Gosse and Walpole are equally justified.

We are inclined to trust these pictures for more than mere personalities when we compare them with the delightful sketches of Barry Pain and Dean Inge. The "gloomy dean," as Chesterton called

him in a moment of considered petulance, was an extremely spiritual man who had a genius for saying the wrong thing at the right time. He has received less than justice from most Catholic critics, and Noyes' sensitive account of the man and the philosopher is the beginning of some width of understanding.

Nor does Noyes, in the interest of truth, hesitate to revive the old rancorous discussion that centered about the trial and death of Count Plunkett. Noyes was a member of the News department of the British Ministry of Information during the 1st World War. He puts up a spiritual defense of himself in the Plunkett affair. Yet in the end he is unable to absolve the Foreign office or himself completely. The whole mysterious episode still remains obscure enough to make Noyes regret his part in it.

There are parts of the autobiography which have a fairy-story atmosphere. Noyes seems to have had the quality of attracting to him-

self happy and lucky people. His first wife, Garnett Daniels, of Washington, D.C., was a most companionable partner. After her death, Noyes married Mary Weld-Blundell. Then, through an entirely unexpected decision of an English court, Mrs. Noyes was awarded Lulworth castle, and the family found themselves in possession of the *Luttrell Psalter* and the *Bedford Book of Hours*, both of which had painted illustrations which were, in the words of Noyes, "of unique historical value." The *Psalter* brought the Noyeses 30,000 guineas (\$88,000) and *The Book of Hours* £33,000 (\$92,000).

The conversion of Noyes to Catholicism was merely the final step in his religious growth. He had long been in search of a perennial philosophy, and when he found it in St. Thomas it was only a short walk for him into the Catholic Church.

Unlike some "born Catholics," Noyes has not let his faith become a bar to thought. His joy in the

SELECTIONS OF CATHOLIC CHILDREN'S BOOK CLUB

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(Subscribers to this club may purchase at a special discount.)

Picture Book Group—6 to 9. MR. PUTTERBEE'S JUNGLE, by Ruth Helm (Oxford, \$2.25).

Intermediate Group—9 to 12. IN ENEMY HANDS, by Natalia Belting (Bobbs-Merrill, \$2.50).

Boys—12 to 16. RELIEF PITCHER, by R. G. Emery (Macrae-Smith, \$2.50).

Girls—12 to 16. THAT STEWART GIRL, by Nena Palmer (Morrow, \$2.50).

Knowledge Builders. THE FIRST BOOK OF JAPAN (Watts, \$1.75).

cultural and philosophical riches at his disposal has made of his life since his conversion an exciting and repaying pilgrimage.

This autobiography is unusual in every way. Significant thoughts and people lend richness to its pages, and, strangely enough, the whole

book is radiant with a very keen sense of humor. This quality I had not found before in Noyes, and it was both an astonishment and a delight to discover a ripe fund of humor in him. Song, great events, a living faith, abundant laughter! Who could ask for more?



My rural-reared father and his four brothers professed no religion. They had four Episcopalian sisters. Their mother was a devout Baptist. My grandfather, not a churchgoer, was an upright Lutheran who showed a marked hostility to the Pope. In such a household, religious

arguments were not a little in the order (or disorder) of the day.

My father did not lose his love of verbal battle when he went to the city as a businessman. There, in his married sister's home, he became acquainted with the tenets of one more religious denomination, high Anglicanism. He pronounced it a "counterfeit Catholicism." This phrase he used, not to his sister, whom he would not offend, but to a young divinity student of the Anglican church who visited the house. The student took on the combat, which rose now from the low level of assertion and wrangling to the heights of genuine argumentation. Issues were sought and terms defined. The contestants, seeking to outwit each other, read voraciously, *pro* and *contra* Anglicanism. My father, solely in the spirit of conquest, steeped himself in the history and doctrine of the Catholic Church. The divinity student did likewise, to forestall his opponent.

Suddenly the thrill of battle ended. The divinity student left town.

My father turned from battle to courtship. The girl was a Catholic, whose Irish mother wept at the idea that a daughter of hers would marry outside the faith, and an unbaptized person at that. Prayers were offered for and against the "mixed marriage." They were answered. The suitor announced that he would like to become a Catholic.

Some time after his Baptism, my father received a letter from the divinity student; he had become a Catholic, too.

Sister Mary Vincent.

[For statements of true incidents by which persons were brought into the Church \$25 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts cannot be returned.—Ed.]



*The Lally TV Twins tell how it
feels to be a*

Working Combination

By JANET LALLY

Condensed from *Seventeen**



JOANNE and I, Janet, are identical twins, 16 years old. No, it's not like looking at a mirror. It's like having your best friend in the world around all the time, to confide in, borrow from, fight and make up with, and, in our case, to help you carve out a career in modeling, radio, television, and the theater. You see, it's largely because we're twins that we've been working, and loving it, for the last 14 years and are planning on more to come.

Joanne and I were two years old, just beginning to walk in a straight line, when mother took us on a tour of Macy's, the big New York department store. A well-dressed gentleman came up to us and asked mother, rather bluntly, if we were models.

"Models?" mother replied indignantly. "These, my good man, are babies!"

"Well, come up and talk to me, anyhow," he smiled, handing mother his card. She gave him a why-should-I look, and put the card into her purse. The three of us contin-

ued on our way to the toddlers' department.

About a week later, while mother was playing bridge, the talk turned to children. Mother told about the Macy episode. She produced the card from a compartment in her purse and looked at it for the first time. The name on it was John Robert Powers. "Who is he?" mother asked, getting indignant all over again.

The ladies at the bridge table explained that he ran one of the most important model agencies around, and they urged mother to take us to see him. The next day, dressed in blue wool dresses under pert white pinafores, we were marched in to meet Mr. Powers.

The day after that we modeled in our very first fashion show. We had, I still remember, the best time of our young lives.

Mother was extremely embarrassed at our first public performance. She felt that, being all of two years old each, we could have conducted ourselves with more decorum.

*488 Madison Ave., New York City 22. June, 1953. Copyright 1953 by Triangle Publications, Inc., and reprinted with permission.

When it was over, an official somebody said to her, "That will be \$15 for each twin, Mrs. Lally." Mother's heart sank. She wondered whether she was going to have to pay the management for our afternoon's entertainment. But a few days later, a check for \$30 arrived in the mail. I think mother's relief at the sight of it marked the beginning of our busy career in modeling, flying from one studio to another, working in fashion shows, posing for magazine covers, department-store ads, advertisements, mail-order catalogues.

We loved every minute of it. We still do. It's a wonderful, important feeling to know that you can earn money, and it's a very exciting experience to look forward to seeing your picture in newspapers and magazines, on subway posters, and on billboards. Fourteen years have fattened our scrapbooks extensively.

The thrill doesn't wear off, either. Recently, we posed for a full-page ad for Ipana toothpaste. You probably saw it somewhere or other. We nearly went mad with anticipation waiting for the magazines to come out with our pictures in them.

The fact that Joanne and I are look-alikes has caused many innocent people many bad moments. For instance, there was the photographer who called Joanne for a magazine-cover job. We packed her hatbox, and we were off (that's us, we're inseparable). When we

reached the studio the photographer begged Joanne to hurry with her dressing. He had an unexpected appointment which was coming up right after hers. She ducked in to the dressing room.

I waited in the reception room, calmly leafing through magazines. Ten minutes later, the photographer passed me, sitting there nonchalantly in my street clothes, reading his guest literature. He blew his top. I practically had to chain him to a chair before I could explain that there were two of us, not one of us.

When he finally saw the light, we were both working. The cover of the magazine featured twins.

Well, at the same time that we were modeling and helping each other land jobs (and surreptitiously standing in for each other, too, when calls came so close together that neither of us could handle them alone), we began our careers as actresses. *Up in Central Park* was our first Broadway production. We played in it in New York for 15 months and toured with it for 14 months.

Joanne and I were a couple of girls going through the park with our governess, asking a park attendant about how to get to the zoo. The part originally called for a single girl, but mother, always hopeful, brought us in as a set. There were 200 other girls about our age at the audition.

Dorothy Fields, lyricist for the

show, was there, too. "Find out who the mother of those twins is," she said to an assistant.

"I am their mother," said mother, who was sitting right under Miss Fields' nose. The role was rewritten to include us as a pair.

At one point in the script, I had to laugh when I spoke to the zoo keeper. The audience responded with louder laughter than my own. I must have been at the sensitive age, because I froze. "They're laughing at me," I told my mother, "and I'm never going to say that line again."

Joanne offered to take it over for me. She was the silent partner, and she had been dying to speak up, anyhow. The next evening, the director said to me, "Janet, darling, you read that line better tonight!"

When we were in *My Romance on Broadway*, which starred Anne Jeffreys, we played a role for which only one of us had been signed. No one knew it, but we alternated nights.

There was some ad-lib business onstage, and one night Anne Jeffreys said to me, ad-libbing, of course, "Did you deliver my message?"

"What message?" I replied, beginning to get nervous.

"Why, the one I gave you last night," Anne said.

I could feel myself turn pale as a ghost. "Oh, you must have given it to my twin sister!" I gasped.

But she only laughed. She

thought I was ad-libbing back at her.

All this time, even while we were touring, we were attending the Professional Children's school in New York. When we were on the road, Joanne and I took our textbooks along with us, studied every chance we got, and mailed in our homework to PCS to meet the Friday deadline.

In class in person, the teachers often mistook us for one another. Once I studied all night for a test and got a discouragingly low grade. Joanne went to sleep, and came out way up in the 90's. I was chagrined, but I said nothing. What can anyone say at a time like that? About a month later, though, we happened to be going over the same material orally in class, when it developed that I knew the stuff backward. Joanne—well she didn't know it backward, anyhow. It was the old story of mistaken identity. There was an investigation and a consequent reversal of grades, in my favor.

We're sophomores in high school now, at the Academy of the Sacred Heart of Mary in New York. It was quite hard at first, adjusting ourselves to this new school. After two years, though, we've made close friends at the academy and we love it as much as we loved PCS.

Lately, we've switched our sights from modeling (although we still model frequently) to acting in ra-

dio and television and on the stage. Maybe you saw us a couple of months ago in the Kraft Television Theater comedy, *Melody Jones*. We alternated in the leading role of the heroine, Melody—only this time the director knew it. In a matter of seconds, the camera had to switch from Melody in blue jeans and curlers to Melody all dressed up to go dancing. I was the blue-jeans Melody and Joanne was the dressed-up Melody. And the lookers-in never knew it (I hope) until the credit lines showed it up.

In *Kitty Foyle*, a Robert Montgomery TV presentation, we also essayed one role out in the open, that of Kitty Foyle as a young girl. *Kitty Foyle* was shot in two studios, believe it or not. I played part of the role in one studio, while another camera picked up Joanne in the other studio.

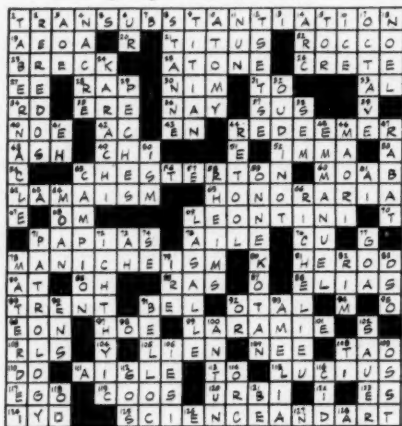
People ask us very seriously, what are the problems of being identical twins? There are no problems. Or I should say, there is only one. And it's poor Joanne's, not mine. I'm always swiping her clothes. It's a terrible thing to do, and I apologize for it in public print. But I do it. Otherwise, being identical twins is perfect.

We don't date. Mother has very

set ideas about dating and, in her book, we're not old enough. The closest we've come to real dating is going to some dances lately given by our church. And at our own recent sweet-sixteen party, the brother of one of our friends brought a pair of boy twins as "escorts" for us. Joanne and I like the idea of unchaperoned dates, but we're too busy to think about it very often, and we feel we have more to look forward to than many girls our age who have been dating for years.

Right now, the big thing in our lives is the ring of the telephone when it announces a television job or a reading for a Broadway play.

July Crossword



THOSE who talk by the yard and think by the inch should be moved by the foot.

Dick Carter in the *Instructor* (March '53).



Idea For Women

*Working with magazines, they can
make more converts*

By T. M. LeBERTHON

Condensed from the *Central California
Register**

MRS. NORMAN SMITH, of Carmel, Calif., a recent convert to the Catholic Church from Christian Science, has news for the Catholic women of America. She hopes that their pastors, with approval of their bishops, are going to put them to work bringing Catholic magazines to the general public free of charge.

Mrs. Smith was a Christian Scientist for 30 years. She was chairman of the Christian Science Literature Distribution committee for San Francisco. The Christian Science church, she says, has for many years done an amazingly successful propaganda job by offering its best periodicals free from racks in public places. Why should not Catholics do the same for selected Catholic publications?

Mrs. Smith started out in Carmel by forming, with her pastor's approval, the Catholic Literature Distribution committee†. Since then she has secured approval of Bishop A.

†P.O. Box 1934, Carmel, Calif.

J. Willinger of Monterey-Fresno diocese to contact every pastor in his jurisdiction about forming a similar committee in every parish. His Excellency was enthusiastic. He encouraged her to address the recent Southwest regional conference of the National Council of Catholic Women, held in Fresno. She urged the delegates to bring the project to the attention of the five archbishops and 19 bishops in the seven Southwestern states from which they came.

Says Mrs. Smith, "Why should we Catholics let Catholic magazines pile up after we've read them, until someone picks them up in a paper drive? Christian Scientists don't do this.

"Through their zeal, a large segment of the general population has a pretty good idea of what Christian Science is. Most Protestants I know have no knowledge of Catholic doctrines or distorted impressions of them.

**P.O. Box 1126, Fresno, Calif. May 22, 1953. Copyright 1953 by the Catholic Press Society, Inc., and reprinted with permission.*

"One thing especially appeals to many persons who take a Christian Science publication from a rack: the dignified good taste of the format and excellent quality of the writing. Now, I have had long experience with the Protestant mentality. It would be a mistake for us to load racks with pious magazines and tracts. The very covers of such publications, with their devotional 'art,' would likely repel most Protestants.

"Our committee in Carmel decided also against using any purely spiritual-type publication or any that treat abstruse theological subjects. After many meetings and much discussion, we decided to fill racks we had installed in various places with used copies of five current-date Catholic magazines.

"We decided on THE CATHOLIC DIGEST, the *Catholic World*, *Commonweal*, *America*, and *The Sign*. We may later also place *Extension* and *Jubilee* in the racks, and perhaps a few others. We like the idea of the public looking for the same magazines from week to week or month to month. We will even have one most important outlet that is denied the Christian Science church. It, because of aversion to medicine, does not reach the waiting rooms of doctors and dentists.

"The mechanics of distribution are simple. We contact subscribers to magazines. We get them to agree to drop their magazines at a convenient central place.

"In most places it will be the parish rectory. In Carmel, it happens to be the Ave Maria bookshop. A member of our committee regularly picks up the magazines. Then we place them in racks we maintain through arrangements with hotel owners, railroad and bus-company officials, barbers, beauty-parlor proprietors, office-building managers, doctors, dentists, and others."

Mrs. Smith is candid and unafraid. She says too many Catholics "are so smug and snug in their possession of the faith that they do little to help propagate it, as if this were solely the professional business of bishops and priests." She holds the laity accountable, in great part, for the widespread misunderstanding among non-Catholics of the truths we live by.

"I'm not thinking particularly of uncultured, uneducated Protestants and others," she said. "I found a babel of misunderstanding among both liberal and fundamentalist Protestants as to Catholic doctrines and practices. We Catholics have to realize this: they almost commonly assume that spiritual truth may be found virtually anywhere except in the Catholic Church.

"They have grown up, for generations, in an atmosphere of fear and distrust of us.

"Most probably they would never buy a Catholic book or periodical. But many would take a free copy of an attractive Catholic magazine

from a rack in a hotel lobby. This opinion may sound inconsistent in view of the attitudes I have described. But it would be one thing for a non-Catholic to pay out real money for a Catholic publication and bring it home to read. That would mean facing the misgivings, and even hostility of other members of the family. But no one would see him reading a Catholic magazine in a hotel or depot. One may have time on his hands in a hotel, or an irksome wait in a depot. Christian Scientists have long realized this.

"Also, at heart, many Protestants are spiritually hungry. They are more than a little curious about the mysterious Catholic Church. I'm sure, using myself as guinea pig, that while most of them are quite indifferent as to whether their friends belong to some other Protestant denomination, or to no church at all, very few are indifferent to the Catholic Church.

"They hate or distrust her. Yet they may have Catholic neighbors whose fine moral standards and human kindness they have to admire. They find Catholic families sticking together under the most adverse circumstances, when their own is breaking up. And how do these Catholics get that way?

"Antagonism to anyone or anything at least indicates interest and concern. My own gradual interest in the Catholic faith was aroused when I heard it scoffed at for so

many and varied reasons. So, strictly on my own, and with beating heart, I bought Catholic books. I wound up calling on a priest. Had free Catholic literature been as accessible as Christian Science periodicals, I might have begun to read, and ponder what I read, much earlier.

"In most cities free Christian Science literature is available not only on racks in public places. It is also stocked in restful, centrally located Christian Science reading rooms. There anyone may browse and ask questions, and thousands upon thousands do just that. These places also sell Christian Science books, magazines, pamphlets, and the *Christian Science Monitor*.

"Catholic combination reading rooms and bookstores are multiplying in the downtown sections of many American cities. These will bear great fruit in conversions. They will attract many Protestants and unchurched persons who would never, in the beginning, look up a priest.

"Like many converts, I am overwhelmed by what the Catholic Church has to offer of truth, beauty, and goodness. I could not begin to tell of the transformation the Church has wrought in my own life. I become irked that some Catholics take it all for granted instead of passing it on. I tell myself that if I really love my country, I must do my little bit towards drawing it nearer to Christ."



in arabic,
lemosina,
and latin-

ONE of the most successful musical plays ever presented goes into its 586th performance this month in Spain. Even though one performance lasts two days, it always plays to a full house.

It will never appear on Broadway. The music and lyrics have little in common with those of Rodgers and Hammerstein; yet the

Song of the Assumption

←The most striking passage in the score is sung by the boy who portrays the Virgin. Here, Mary expresses her fervent desire to die so that she may join her divine Son.

Below: The boys who sing in the play look over the score. This copy is dated 1709.

Misterio de Elche seems destined to continue its run long after Rodgers, Hammerstein, and their contemporaries have been forgotten.

The Mystery of Elche has several





The Apostles sing of the Virgin's approaching death.

qualities which make for immortality. The book is based on the greatest book ever written. The music is interlaced with Gregorian-chant themes which wear well.

After some 200 annual performances had polished rough spots in the original score, the Spanish masters of the 16th century, Antonio de Ribera, Juan Ginés Pérez, and Lluís Vich, each took themes in hand. With consummate skill they wove together new melodies in polyphonic style to clothe the ancient chants in richly embroidered tapestries of sound.

Small wonder then that musicians the world over converge on Elche this month. The tiny whitewashed town is just a short distance inland from the southwestern coast of Spain. As your touring car bumps along the road through the palm groves which surround the town, a cool, steady Mediterranean breeze rustles the palm fronds.

It is noon, Aug. 13, and you have

come for the dress rehearsal. Visitors know that the townspeople pack the church to the last corner for the regular production during the afternoons of Aug. 14 and 15. Each of the two acts lasts about two and one-half hours.

Once inside the town, your car rumbles slowly over the narrow cobblestone streets past scarred stone buildings which remind you of scenery for a classical play. Small dark-eyed girls in stiffly starched white dresses lean over ornate metal balconies, and wave as you go by.

The driver parks near the church entrance, and you join other tourists who are filing in. When you step inside the large arched doorway and leave behind the blinding sunshine, it's hard to see anything. You walk toward the sanctuary past a reviewing stand reserved for distinguished guests. Near the middle of the church you see a railed platform. It is the stage for some of the scenes.

"This was once the site of an Arab mosque," explains the guide in a stage whisper. "The first Catholic church, Santa Maria, was built here in 1334. Look at the lower walls. They are part of the first church. It's still called Santa Maria."

Music historians are interested in *The Mystery of Elche* because it is the only remaining specimen of the primitive lyric theater. Some regard

it as a link between classical drama and Italian opera of the early 17th century. They point out that, unlike other 14th-century mystery plays, it is entirely executed in song.

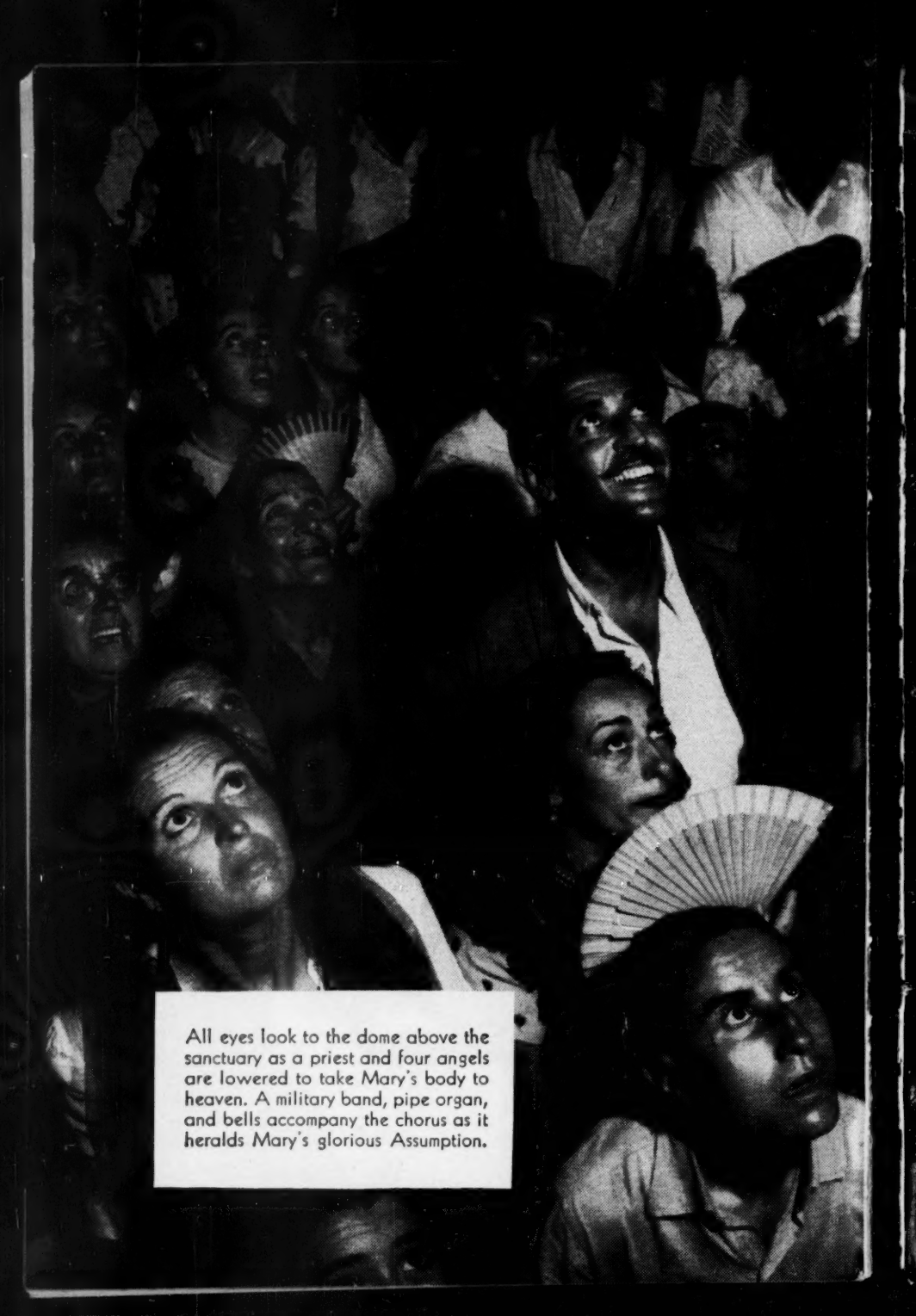
In 1569, Philip II banned the performance. It was not revived until 1603. Since that time, the villagers have presented it each year on the feast of the Assumption. Pope Urban VIII (1623-1644) granted the people of Elche permission to continue staging the play in their church.

The Moslem influence is reflected in one of the most beautiful melodies. It is sung entirely in Arabic. For the director, there is a *consueto* or score on parchment dated 1639. Men and boys do all the singing; and, since most of them can't read music, the fathers teach their sons the melodies.

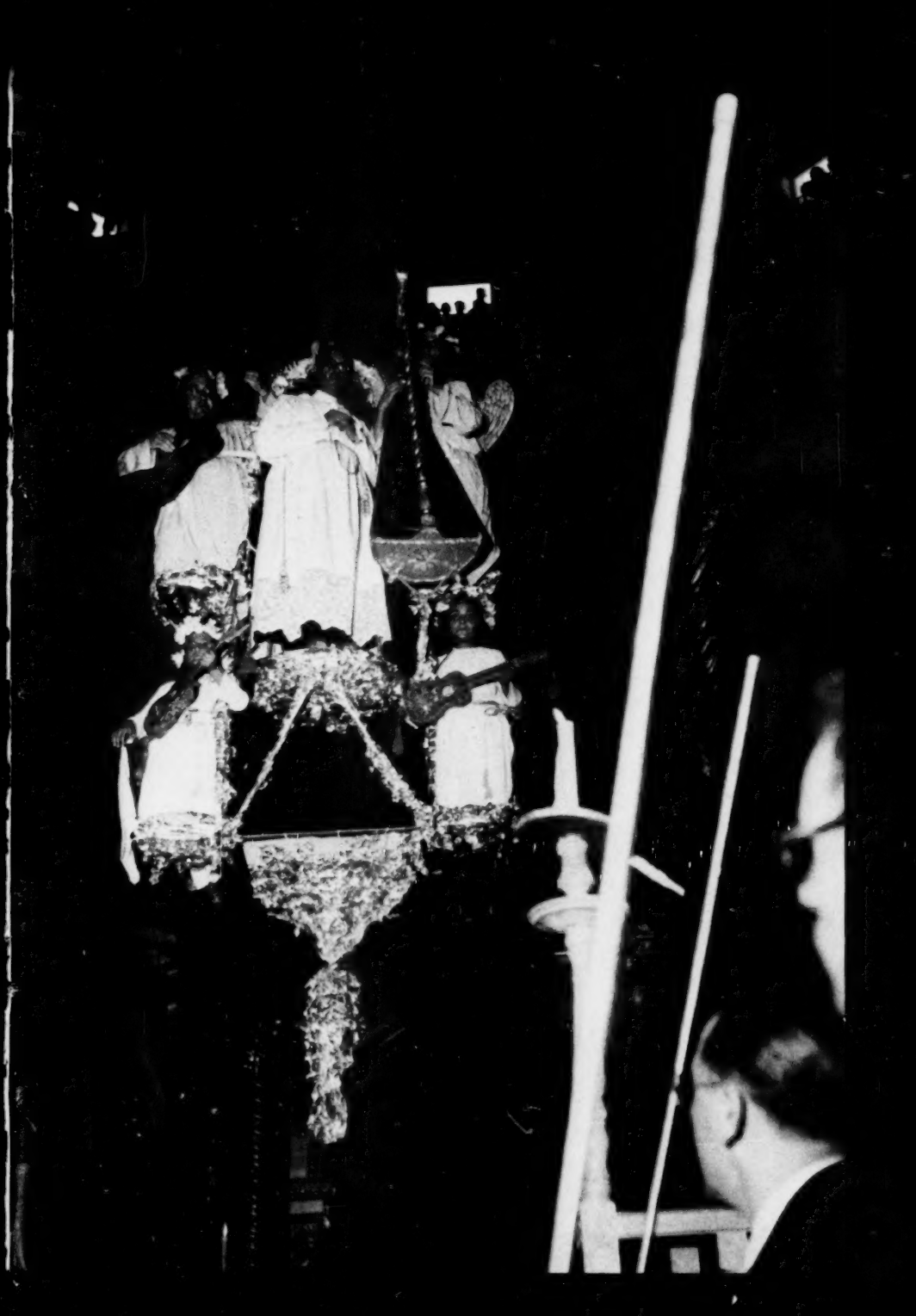
Some of the lyrics are Latin, but most of them are sung in an old Spanish dialect, the *lemosina*, which was once spoken in Catalonia and Provençal.

Surrounded by the Apostles, Mary dies. A statue of the Virgin is placed on the death-bed in place of the boy who played the part of the Blessed Mother during the first act.





All eyes look to the dome above the sanctuary as a priest and four angels are lowered to take Mary's body to heaven. A military band, pipe organ, and bells accompany the chorus as it heralds Mary's glorious Assumption.



READING and RIDING . . .

Catholic Mission,
Dolores, Abra, Philippines
May 27, 1953

To the Editor:

A lady in the U. S. sends me her copy of THE CATHOLIC DIGEST every month. A few days ago I received the April issue. On that day I had to go to Bangued, our central mission station here in the province of Abra, and took THE CATHOLIC DIGEST along.

I boarded a vehicle, locally called weapon carrier, most probably a souvenir left by the Americans during the 2nd World War. Bangued is only 20 miles from here, but I had ample time for reading, because nobody is in a hurry, least of all the driver, who is only interested in getting many passengers. He helps them to load their goats and pigs on top of the truck, waits for a lady who is still taking her bath, and holds the baby for a woman who goes shopping.

In the meantime, I read my CATHOLIC DIGEST. First, *A Man's Stature*; then *Death of a Communist*. We were not yet half way to Bangued when I had finished *A Bicycle for Sciancato*.

I did not continue reading. I had tears in my eyes, and I took my rosary. I prayed for Henry Viscardi and for the thousands of cripples he is giving new hope. I prayed for the soul of Ludwig and his comrades. I prayed for Sciancato and his friends in Boys' Town. I prayed for you, dear Father, and your helpers, and I thanked God for the beautiful work of love He is doing through you and THE CATHOLIC DIGEST.

THE CATHOLIC DIGEST is a magazine of love: no words of hatred, envy or jealousy; always words of love, tolerance, understanding, forgiveness. "You have been in trouble; we have been in trouble. But we are all here together, to love one another and help one another. It's all we have." Those words spoken by the judge of Italian Boys' Town to poor Sciancato are conveyed to us in every issue of THE CATHOLIC DIGEST.

Thanking you for the spiritual lift you are giving to a poor missionary with every issue of your magazine, and wishing that your magazine may reach millions more, I am,

Very sincerely yours,
WILLIAM VERGOOSSEN, S. V. D.

